Dr A H Strickler
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The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

HARVEST TIME.

"The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

In His wide fields walks the Master,
In His fair fields, ripe for harvest,
Where the evening sun shines slantwise
On the rich ears heavy bending;
Saith the Master: "It is time."
Though no leaf shows brown decadence
And September nightly frost bite
Only reddens on the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master,
The wise Master, "It is time."

Lo, He looks. That look compelling,
Brings His laborers to the harvest;
Quick they gather, as in Autumn
Passage-birds in cloudy eddies
Drop upon the sea-side fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet shod with swift obedience,
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And up rears his sickle shining,
"Speak, O Master—is it time?"

O'er the field the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears drop downwards,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward
And the gay ears flaunt in rows:
But the sickles, the sharp sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing,
Songs are heard in earth and heaven,
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest time.

O Great Master, are Thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art Thou walking in the wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the silent air?
Are Thy signs abroad, the glowing
Of the distant sky, blood-reddened—
And the near fields trodden, blighted,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Sure, it must be harvest time?

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether it be dawn or sunset,
When the night dews weigh down the wheat-ears
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only, may Thy voice, Good Master,
Peal above the reaper's chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling—
"Gather all into My garner,
For it is My harvest time."

—*Southern World.*

Selections.

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION OF FAITH.

BY PROF. PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D.

The literary history of the apostolic age, like its missionary progress, was guided by a special providence. It is divine, as well as human, from beginning to end. Christ Himself only finished a part of His work while on earth. He pointed His disciples to greater works, which they would accomplish in His name and by His power, after His resurrection. He promised them His unbroken presence; and the gift of the Holy Spirit, who, as the other advocate, should lead them into the whole truth and open to them the understanding of all His words. The Acts of the Apostles are a history of the Holy Spirit, or of the post-resurrection work of Christ in establishing His kingdom on earth. Filled with that Spirit, the apostles and evangelists went forth into a hostile world and converted it to Christ by their living word, and they continue their conquering march by their written word.

Here is the error of unbelieving criticism: that it sees only the outside surface of the greatest movement in history, and is blind to the spiritual forces working from within or refuses to acknowledge them as truly divine. In like manner, the materialistic and atheistic scientists of the age conceive of Nature's laws without a lawgiver; of a creature without a creator; and stop with the effect, without rising to the cause, which alone affords a rational explanation of the effect.

And here we touch upon the deepest spring of all forms of unbelieving rationalism and the gulf which inseparably divides it from supernaturalism. It is the opposition to the supernatural and the miraculous. It denies God in Nature and God in history, and, in its ultimate consequences, it denies the very existence of God. Deism and atheism have no place for a miracle; but belief in the existence of an Almighty Maker of all things visible and invisible, ultimate and all-sufficient cause of all phenomena in Nature and in history, implies the possibility of miracle at any time; not, indeed, as a violation of His own laws, but as a manifestation of His lawgiving and creative power over and above (not against) the regular order of events. The reality of the miracle, in any particular case, then, becomes a matter of historical investigation. It cannot be disposed of by a simple denial from *a priori* philosophical prejudice; but must be fairly examined, and, if sufficiently corroborated by external and internal evidence, it must be admitted.

Now the miracles of Christ cannot be separated from His person and His ordinary works. His words are as marvelous as His deeds; both form a harmonious whole, and they stand or fall together. His person is the great miracle, and His miracles are simply His natural works. He is more elevated above other men than His words and deeds are above ordinary words and deeds. He is separated from all mortals by His absolute freedom from sin. He, Himself, claims superhuman origin and supernatural powers; and to deny them is to make Him a liar and impostor. It is impossible to maintain His human perfection, which all respectable modern rationalists admit and even emphasize, and yet to refuse His testimony concerning Himself. The Christ of Strauss and of Renan is the most contradictory of all characters; the most incredible of all enigmas. There is no possible scientific mediation between a purely humanitarian conception of Christ, no matter how high He may be raised in the scale of beings, and the faith in Christ as the Son of God, whom Christendom has adored from the beginning and still adores as the Lord and Saviour of the world.

Nor can we eliminate the supernatural element from the Apostolic Church without destroying its very life and resolving it into a gigantic illusion. What becomes of Paul if we deny his conversion, and how shall we account for his conversion without the Resurrection and Ascension? The greatest among modern skeptics paused at the problem and felt almost forced to admit an actual miracle. The Holy Spirit was the inspiring and propelling power of the apostolic age and made the fishers of Galilee fishers of men.

A Christian, who has experienced the power of the Gospel in his heart, can have no difficulty with the supernatural. He is as sure of the regenerating and converting agency of the Spirit of God and the saving efficacy of Christ as he is of his own natural existence. He has tasted the medicine and has been healed. He may say with the man who was born blind and made to see: "One thing I do know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." This is a short creed; but stronger than any argument. The fortress of personal experience is impregnable; the logic of stubborn facts is more cogent than the logic of reason. Every genuine conversion from sin to holiness is a psychological miracle, as much so as the conversion of Saul of Tarsus.

The secret or open hostility to the supernatural is the moving spring of infidel criticism. We may freely admit that certain difficulties about the date and place of composition and other minor details of the Gospels and Epistles are not, and perhaps never can be, satisfactorily solved; but it is, nevertheless, true that they are far better authenticated by internal and external evidence than any books of the great Greek and Roman classics, or of Philo and Josephus, which are accepted by scholars without a doubt. As early as the middle of the second century, that is, fifty years after the death of the Apostle John, when yet many of his personal pupils and friends must have been living, the four canonical Gospels, no more and no less, were recognized and read in public worship as sacred books, in the churches of Syria, Asia, Minor, Egypt, Italy, and Gaul; and such universal acceptance and authority in the face of Jewish and heathen hostility and heretical perversion can only be explained on the ground that they were known and used long before. Some of them, Matthew and John, were quoted and used in the first quarter of the second century by Orthodox and Gnostic writers. Every new discovery, as the last book of the pseudo "Clementine Homilies," the "Philosophumena of Hippolytus," the Diatessaron of Tatian, and every deeper investigation of the "Gospel Memoirs of Justin Martyr" and the "Gospel of Marcion in its Relation to Luke," has strengthened the cause of historical and conservative criticism and inflicted a bleeding wound on destructive criticism. If quotations from the end of the second and the beginning of the second century are very rare, we must remember that we have only a handful of literary documents from that period, and that the second generation of Christians was not a race of scholars and scribes and critics, but of humble, illiterate confessors and martyrs, who still breathed the bracing air of the living, teaching, and personal reminiscences of the apostles and evangelists.

But the Synoptical Gospels bear the strongest internal marks of having been composed before the destruction of Jerusalem (A. D. 70), which is therein prophesied by Christ as a future event and as the sign of the fast approaching judgment of the world, in a manner that is consistent only with such early composition. The Apocalypse of John is very confidently assigned to the year 68 or 69 by Baur, Renan, and others, who would put the Gospels down to a much later date, so as to maintain the Pauline authorship of the great anti-Judaic Epistles to the Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, and make them the very basis of their assaults upon the minor Pauline Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles, on the ground of exaggerated or purely imaginary differences. Those Epistles were written twelve or fourteen years before the destruction of Jerusalem. This brings us within less than thirty years of the Resurrection and the birthday of the Church.

Now, if we confine ourselves to these five books, which the most exacting and rigorous criticism admits to be apostolic—the four Pauline Epistles and the Apocalypse—they are alone sufficient to establish the foundation of historical faith; for they confirm by direct statement or allusion every important fact and doctrine in the Gospel history; without referring to the written Gospels and the memory and personal experience of the writers—Paul and John—goes back to the vision of Damascus, to the scenes of the Resurrection and Crucifixion, and the first call of the disciples after the baptism in the Jordan. Criticism must first reason Paul and John out of history or deny that they ever wrote a line, before it can expect sensible men to surrender a single chapter of the Gospels.

Strong as the external evidence is, the internal evidence of the truth and credibility of the apostolic writings is still stronger, and may be felt to this day by the unlearned as well as the scholar. They widely differ in style and spirit from all post-apostolic productions and occupy a conspicuous isolation even among the best of books. This position they have occupied for eighteen centuries among the most civilized nations of the globe; and from this position they are not likely to be deposed.

We must interpret persons and events not only by themselves, but also in the light of subsequent history. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Christianity can stand this test better than any religion and better than any system of philosophy.

Taking our position at the close of the apostolic age and looking back to its fountain-head and forward to succeeding generations, we cannot but be amazed at the magnitude of the effects produced by the brief public ministry of Jesus of Nazareth. There is absolutely nothing like it in the annals of the race. The Roman Empire embraced at the birth of Christ over one hundred millions of men, conquered by force, and, after having persecuted His religion for three hundred years, it died away without the possibility of a resurrection. The Christian Church now numbers four hundred millions, conquered by the love of Christ, and is constantly increasing. The first century is the life and light of history and the turning point of the ages. If ever God revealed Himself to man; if ever heaven appeared on earth, it was in the person and work of Jesus of Nazareth. His Cross has become the tree of life to all nations; His teaching is still the highest standard of religious truth; His example the unsurpassed ideal of purity and holiness; the Gospels and Epistles of His Galilean disciples are still the book of books, more powerful than all the classics of human wisdom and genius. No book has attracted so much attention, provoked so much opposition, outlived so many persecutions, called forth so much reverence and gratitude, inspired so many noble thoughts and deeds, administered so much comfort and peace from the cradle to the grave to all classes and conditions of men. It is more than a book; it is an institution, an all-pervading omnipresent force, a converting, sanctifying, transforming agency; it rules from ten thousand pulpits; it presides at the family altar; it is the sacred ark of every household, the written conscience of every Christian man, the pillar of cloud by day, the pillar of light by night in the pilgrimage of life. Mankind is bad enough, and human life dark enough with it; but how much worse and how much darker would they be without it? Christianity might live without the New Testament, but not without the facts and truths which it records and teaches. Were it possible to banish them from the world, the sun of our civilization would be extinguished and mankind left to midnight darkness with the dreary prospect of a dreamless and endless Nirvana. But no power on earth or in Hell can extinguish that sun. There it shines on the horizon, the king of day, obscured at times by clouds great or small, but breaking thorough again and again and shedding light and life from east to west until the darkest corners of the globe shall be illuminated. The past is secure; God will take care of the future.

Magna est veritas et prævalebit.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

IRRECONCILABLE ANTAGONISTS.

A young student of Jena who had been reading Darwin's works found that they raised religious doubts in his mind. They could not fail to do that, provided their philosophy had gained control over him. Accordingly the young man wrote to the late Mr. Darwin, who replied as follows:

"Sir:—I am very busy, and am an old man in delicate health, and have not time to answer your questions fully, even assuming that they are capable of being answered at all. Science and Christ have nothing to do with each other, except in as far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. With regard to a future life, every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities.

"Wishing you well, I remain your obedient servant,

"CHARLES DARWIN."

"Down, June 5, 1879."

This candid declaration of the philosopher contrasts strongly and favorably with the more or less disingenuous attempts of some of his disciples to reconcile what we know as Darwinism with religion. In acknowledging that he did not believe in revelation, and looked on immortality as doubtful, Mr. Darwin only accepted the logical consequences of his principles.

Mr. Darwin and his disciples, with their theory of evolution and its inductive method, allow no place for revelation. If their theory is true, the doctrine of divine revelation taught by theology is untrue. The only evidences offered for it, or which can be offered, are, in their view, not worth attention. The intellectual basis of religion is swept away; and Christian theology has no more foundation than the mythologies it replaced.

This is the logical consequence of the teachings of Darwin, which are so widely accepted by science, and now so profoundly influence human thought. It is an inevitable conclusion; and it makes the dominant scientific philosophy of this generation the most uncompromising antagonist theology has ever had. "Science and Christ have nothing to do with each other," wrote Mr. Darwin to the young student. But that was because the science taught by Mr. Darwin does not admit of the possibility of a Divine Incarnation, and there was no use in arguing about a consequence of its teachings which was obvious.

And as to immortality, according to that science, it is something for poets to dream about, but of which man can know nothing. In the view of the Darwinian philosophy, an oyster, an ant, a dog, or an ape is as much and as little immortal as a man. "Every one," as Mr. Darwin said, "must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities." This is practically a denial of immortality, certainly such as Christian theology teaches.

On the one side, is the Church based on the supernatural. On the other, is the scientific philosophy of Mr. Darwin, which knows nothing and admits nothing except the natural. They are, and they must ever be, irreconcilable antagonists.—*New York Sun.*

AN EVOLUTIONIST'S CREED.

The logical reader of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy of evolutionism and materialism has predicted all along that its final conclusion would be found in an overthrow not only of all divine worship, but even of the fundamental principles of ethics—of right thinking, right conduct, and right character. If man be nothing but a highly developed animal, if his conscience be nothing but a satisfaction experienced in the approval of public sentiment, his remorse nothing but a vague uneasiness felt in the lack of such approval; if, in short, his morality be only a sense of expediency gathered from balancing future pleasures and pains against those offered at the present moment—we can see no reason for our recognition of a single law of righteousness that is unselfish, truly noble, eternal, and immutable. The wisest and best thing for a human animal to do—who has thus no God at whose holy bar he must render an account of himself and his deeds—is to enjoy his appetites or his intellectual inclinations, as the case may be, in any way he can without regard to the sanctions of eternity or the ever-shifting judgment of what some call conscience. In other words a man's passions under the regulation of *prudential considerations are his only* guide, his only, only sources of learning right and wrong. The clear thinker, we say, saw long ago that this was the real and logical outcome of a bestial philosophy, but was hardly prepared to find one of its most enlightened and devoted disciples distinctly and openly avowing it. But here is a specimen of the latest reasoning of Dr. Van Denslow, the special admirer and apostle of Spencer. He says:

"According to common opinion, it is believed to be moral to tell the truth and immoral to lie. Yet it would be difficult to prove that nature prefers the true to the false, since nature endows every animal with the faculty of deception. Why, then, should not men be endowed with the faculty of lying? It is the strong who require the weak to tell the truth, and always to promote some interest of the strong. Again, 'Thou shall not steal,' is a moral precept invented by the strong, and by them imposed upon the weak. 'Thou shalt not steal' is, in a philosophic sense, not a universal, but a class law. Again, the laws prohibiting unchastity were framed by those who, in the earlier period of civilization, could afford to own women, against the poor, who could not."

Nature then, according to the Evolutionist, teaches and authorizes us to practice lying, stealing, and unbridled lust, and justifies us in so doing whenever we have the inclination, backed by the power. And this is the crowning, the sublime morality of that philosophy whose master, Mr. Spencer, has been ranked by Prof. Youmans as greater even than Sir Isaac Newton, and by Darwin as the "Prince of Philosophers!" If anything in the world could show beyond question the need of a Divine Revelation, which these so-called "advanced thinkers" reject, it is the avowal of such wild, and vicious, and wicked theories as these. Such theories, carried into conduct, would leave no room on this planet for virtue, for truth, for security of property and life. They would destroy society in its elemental principles, and introduce moral anarchy, while degrading man to a position as much below the brute in intellectual and reasoning capacities. Well did Carlyle, with a scorn as impatient as it was just, call this whole system of materialistic evolution a "Philosophy of Dirt!" Hapily no parade of learning nor assumption of speculative superiority can veil its actual and montrous debasement of man from the detective insight of common sense. COMMON SENSE protests that, while fallen man has still something in him that lifts him above the brutes, something that allies him with the Deity, in whose image, Revelation adds, he was made.—*The Christian Union.*

Family Reading.

HOW, WHEN, WHERE, WHY.

You ask me *how* I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know.
There came a yearning for Him in my soul,
So long ago.
I found earth's flowers would fade and die,—
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then—somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you how;
I only know
He is my Saviour now.

You ask me *when* I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot tell.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin:
I think—I think 'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you when;
I only know
He is so dear since then.

You ask me *where* I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.
Perhaps He thonght it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that spot,—
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want forever, there to stay.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you where;
I only know
He came and blessed me there.

You ask me *why* I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply:
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His face:
I was alone, I had no resting-place;
I heard of how He loved me, with a love,
Of depth so great—of height so far above
A human ken,
I longed such love to share;
And sought it then,
Upon my knees, in prayer.

You ask me *why I thought* this loving Christ
Would heed my prayer!
I knew He died upon the cross for me,—
I nailed Him there!
I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live:
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame,
He called me—and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer!
I cannot tell you how,
Nor when, nor where:
WHY, I have told you now.

—*G. F. Brown.*

(Chas. G. Leland, in *Century.*)

HAND-WORK IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There are many strangers who come to see the school, and they are, without exception, gratified, and generally astonished at the work performed by the children. On one occasion, however, I had to deal with a lady who, to everything shown, replied: "Yes, it is all very fine, but what is to become of it?" And to every argument there came the same answer: "What will come of it?" She did not know who would buy brass plaques or walnut panels if all the one hundred and five thousand school children of Philadelphia were to make them. I might have answered to this that, in the rapidly increasing demand for home-made decoration for houses, such of the one hundred and five thousand as would be obliged to work for a living might find occupation. Ornament may even become as common as it was in Rome, Florence, or Nuremberg. Any one must be blind who does not see that increasing wealth is bringing us rapidly toward such an era. Day by day the cultivated are scorning more and more the machine-made. But beyond this is the consideration, which was too abstruse for my visitor, that even if the children should never make any money by selling their wares, the education of their fingers and brains is worth all the time and money it costs. One thing is at least true: in the thirty or forty varieties of decorative art which are practicable to anybody who has masterod two or three, there is always a resource—however slender it may be—by which one can live. There is always the possibility for any boy or girl who can carve, inlay, design, and model, to obtain employment. In fact, at present, manufacturers find it a very difficult thing indeed to obtain just such young employés as the Philadelphia school is preparing for them. This is "what is to come of it." I pointed out long ago in a published lecture which I am happy to learn has given a suggestion and an impetus to others, that the present decay of the apprentice system is rapidly rendering industrial education in schools an absolute necessity. The education of the future will embrace hand-work at every stage, from the kindergarten upward. It will be artistic at first, because art is easy, but gradually it will ripen into the practical or technological. It is proposed in this Philadelphia school gradually to enlarge the scope of instruction with the annual appropriations, until all that is most practical which can be taught shall be included in the course.

It was due to Mr. Edward J. Steel, the President of the Board of Education, and Mr. William Gulager, with his colleagues of the industrial art committee of that board, that this experiment was established, and that the funds were appropriated to carry it on. So little was then known of the subject that the fact that these gentlemen at once grasped it in all its possible results, is very much to their credit, and testifies to their fitness for the influential positions which they occupy. In England the great art schools had been tried and found insufficient, and then came the industrial schools in Russia, England, France, and Boston. This was better—but something still remained to be done. This something was to make hand-work a part of education in *all* public schools. And this is what the Philadelphia experiment has demonstrated to be perfectly practicable.

A beginning in this direction had been made by a lady in Shropshire, England, who, following a suggestion made in a book by me, called "The Minor Arts," had succeeded in establishing several corresponding village art-schools. To this lady—Mrs. Jebb—belongs the credit of having first practically attempted to establish art-education generally on a grade below the great school, or on a popular basis. Recently a long letter in the London *Times*, and a leading article in the London *Standard*, as well as notices in several other English journals, have called attention to the Philadelphia experiment. It is no longer an experiment but a success, and I am happy to say that it is now generally regarded as such. The appropriations made for the current year are all that could have been expected, and public interest in the school is rapidly increasing. One of its results has been the formation of a Ladies' Decorative Art Club in Philadelphia, with the same teachers of the same branches, and with the same director. The club, having taken a building, has most kindly offered to dispose of the work of the pupils of the Industrial School, and has in every way manifested an earnest interest in the latter. As work for women forms an important factor in both, this interest will be readily understood. As may be supposed, there is also an understanding and a community of feeling between the ladies of New York and Philadelphia, the latter having profited not a little by the example of the former. Let us trust that the time is not far off when all the cities of the Union will boast of teaching in their schools all that can be practically taught, while each has, in its association of women devoted to industry and art, another protest against the old prejudice of allowing the weaker sex to work.

Somebody has said that the attempt to do good in this world is always a history of disillusions. It does not seem, however, as if the effort to make industrial art a branch of education in the public schools is to be added to the number of "ideas dissipated." From the first lesson, all that was anticipated has been realized, and a great facility which was not anticipated came most unexpectedly into the account. This is the interest which the children themselves take in the work, and which is so great that when I have been asked as to the discipline of the school, I have replied that there is no discipline whatever, none being needed. The pupils are too much absorbed in their work to talk; when they do converse it is usually to communicate ideas as to what they are engaged in. As a reward in a few special cases, some are allowed to attend twice a week. It is not unusual for them to ask permission to come on holidays. All of the sheet-brass work is of a voluntary character, being done only on Saturday afternoons.

It has been clearly demonstrated by this experiment, that if rooms and furniture can be provided, the work of the pupils could be sold to such advantage as to meet all other expenses. The gentlemen of the school board have, however, wisely refrained from urging prematurely this part of the experiment. In the words of William Gulager, "if a branch of study is worth teaching, it is worth paying for." It would have greatly embarrassed the direction if shop-keeping and sale had in the beginning formed a part of its duties. It is, however, established beyond question, that no objection can be raised to the introduction of hand-work into public schools on the score of additional expense, since, under judicious and honest management, the expenses may be reduced to almost nothing. Neither can it be said that hand-work is an additional tax on the brain, since it is accepted by the pupils as an amusement or relief. Let it be remembered, too, that every girl or boy should have some pocket-money, and that it depends entirely on the will of our pupils to make as much as they need.

It has been said that the greatest social curse of modern times is that of "gentility," or rather the false gentility which makes a man ashamed to work. It is to escape manual labor that so many of our youth fly to counting-houses, quackery, anything in fact which will enable them to be "gentlemen," and not "vulgar mechanics." Now, if they were all familiarized with work in school, if it had been associated in their minds with art and design, it is possible, or rather certain, that all prejudice against it as *work* would disappear. In this antipathy to hand-labor the ordinary American shows himself to be practically the least republican of all civilized beings. In no country have I ever met so many men who boasted to me that they had never done a day's work with their hands, in their lives. If there is anything which can gradually dissipate this feeling or prejudice, it will be the making the young at first familiar with art-work, and then gradually leading them from that, by means of it, to trades.

In its late annual report before the School Board of Philadelphia, President Steel says that "Mr. Leland has been assisted to demonstrate the feasibility of making industrial education part of the training of the public schools. It is now generally conceded among enlightened people that manual training must form a part of every system of education which aims at developing the faculties. This manual training must, of course, be of a preparatory character—the training of the eye and hand in design, and the principles of construction. The progress of the work has been steady and promising." Mr. Steel here announces a truth, which he was one of the first to grasp, that such a work is inevitably destined to form a part of public school education. Some years ago, in England, when I was engaged in studying and experimenting on this subject, I discussed it with Mr. Antony J. Mundella, M. P., who at once suggested that the subject should be brought before Parliament, and expressed a hope that he himself might be the means of doing so. It is no extravagant prediction that the time will come when every legislative body in the world will take cognizance of manual labor, based on drawing, design, and decorative art, as an essential part of education in every school.

SECRET OF A TRUE LIFE.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, gives in one of his letters an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of crib; never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," says Dr. Arnold, and I think his words are very beautiful; "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love and of a sound mind. Intense love, almost the annihilation of selfishness: a daily martyrdom for twenty years during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself—save as regarded her improvement in all goodness—wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's work or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but one hundred degrees of her place in glory!" Such a life was true and beautiful. But the radiance of such a life never cheered this world by chance. A sunny patience, a bright-hearted self-forgetfulness, a sweet and winning interest in the little things of family intercourse, the divine lustre of a Christian peace, are not fortuitous weeds carelessly flowering out of the life garden. It is the inner root which makes the external. It is the force residing in the atoms which shapes the pyramid. It is the beautiful soul within which forms the crystal of the beutiful life without. There are exquisite shels which lie within the sea—the shell of the nautilus, many chambered, softly-curved, pearl-adorned, glowing with imprisoned rainbows. There are ugly shells within the sea—rude, dirt-colored, unsightly clam-shells. But the shells are as the fishes within. So life will be what we make it—nautilus-shells or clam-shells. If we would have our life true and beautiful then we must *be* true and beautiful. There is no other secret. How can we be thus? There is a Scripture that answers the question: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Be what Thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

MOTHER DON'T KNOW.

Walking along one of the streets of Boston recently, we met two plainly-dressed boys carrying the baskets of clothes which their mother had washed. One might be thirteen, and one nine. Both were smoking. As we said "Good evening, boys," they both put down their basket and took their cigars from their mouths.

"We have a boy about your age," addressing the elder, "and so we are fond of boys."

Their faces brightened.

"We should feel badly to have him smoke, as you are doing, because we think it would weaken his mind and his body; and you know the mothers depend upon their boys for very much in this world. How much does your cigar cost you?"

"Three cents; and I smoke three a day."

"And that would make over thirty dollars a year, which would buy clothes or books. How long have you smoked?"

"Since I was eight, five years; and Tommy, who is nine, has smoked for a year."

"Does your father smoke?"—for if he has the habit there is little use for precept, usually.

"He is dead."

"And what does your mother say?"

"My mother," said the boy, with a downcast look, "she don't know I smoke."

A smoker for five years, carrying home the clothes she had worked hard to wash, deceiving her all the time, his conscience seemed touched. We patted the delicate-looking boy on the shoulder, as we said: "Remember the talk we have had," and we went on, thinking, alas! of so many mothers "who don't know."

And why don't they know? Partly from the mother-love that binds them, possibly; partly from their absorption in other things besides the immortal souls given to their care; partly because they have failed to keep the sympathy of their child; and partly because they do not watch as well as pray. Mothers "don't know" what their boys, and perhaps their girls, are reading; what conversations they are having day by day; whether they are on the streets at night: what promiscuous attentions they are receiving or giving; and it is their business to know.—*Congregationalist.*

PROPHECY.

The Lord's plan of revealing "times and seasons" to the disciples was limited on principle (see Acts i. 7); and it is not fit, in the nature of the case, that prophecy should be like history in advance. A man can tell when a steamer will sail, in advance; if prophecy were thus minute and detailed, men would set themselves to fulfil it, and the freedom of the will would be interfered with. They are left to use reason and conscience, independent of prophecy, which has its use afterward. (See as illustration, John xiv. 29).

If prophecy were in language as plain as that of history its end would be defeated; unprincipled men would set themselves to satisfy its conditions, and human freedom of choice would be taken away. Hence, a degree of obscurity marks it. The heavenly bodies in all great languages stand for rulers and governments; they are prominent, stable, and beneficent. Hence, to mark the great movements and overturnings which would prepare for Christ's sway, it is said that sun, moon, stars and powers that are in heaven (over men, above them) shall be shaken. Possibly that reference is to the word in Gen. xlix. 10. In Isa. xxxiv. 4 and Joel ii. 10 and iii. 15, we have similar language, and nothing is more natural than for our Lord to take and give precision to the language His hearers heard read in the synagogues on the Sabbath.

The time for this is left thus: "In those days, after that tribulation," which may mean the interval between the overthrow of the corrupt Jewish Church and the corrupt and apostate Christian Church. "Immediately" does not mark instant following of the fall of Jerusalem, but suddenness when the worst comes to pass. For after the rein of righteousness reaction seems to come, and the Lord's advent to judgment is to a faithless world (Rev. xx. 7-15)—*Rev. John Hall, D. D., in Sunday School World.*

GOLDEN-ROD.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Let us go forth and gather golden-rod!
Oh, love, my love, see how upon the hills,
Where still the warm air palpitates and thrills,
And earth lies breathless in the smile of God,
Like plumes of serried hosts its tassels nod!
All the green vales its golden glory fills;
By lonely waysides and by mountain rills
Its yellow banners flaunt above the sod.
Perhaps the apple-blossoms were more fair;
Perhaps, dear heart, the roses were more sweet—
June's dewy roses, with their buds half blown—
Yet what care we, while tremulous and rare
This golden sunshine falleth at our feet,
And song lives on, though summer birds have flown?

—*Christian Union.*

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

A man, blind from his birth, being asked what he thought the sun to be like, replied, "Like friendship." He had seen nothing, and therefore could not liken the sun to any external object; but he had felt the warmth of another's friendship gathering around his heart, and it was the best thing of which he had any experience; so when asked whereunto he could liken the sun, remembering how, like Milton, he had sat rejoicing in its warm beams, he compared it to friendship. Touching and beautiful is the blind man's simile of the sun.

And the converse holds good; friendship is like the sun. It diffuses a glow about the heart on which its sweet influences fall. It is like the sunbeam beneath which a man's nature expands, and opens, and rejoices. Friendship is sunshine in the heart. How often is the countenance of a friend as the breaking forth of the sun; it suffuses everything with its radiance!

There is a fine old scriptural simile which likens God's favor to the breaking forth of the sun—"The light of his countenance!" From it we may deduce the sublime and glorious truth that God's friendship is the sun of the soul.

In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun!

"In His favor"—friendship—"is life." The soul does not know what life is till it feels God to be its friend. Then it "delights itself in the Lord," and comes to speak with Him "as a man speaketh with his friend." Here is the secret of fellowship, the soul of communion with God. Then does a man begin to live when he realizes that God is his friend.

There is one who is the common friend of all hearts that gather to Him—Jesus, the God made manifest. In Him the springs of true friendship are found. The tenderness and strength of love are central in His heart. The depressed spirit may feel lonesome and desolate, but this friend is standing by. We may have lost all other friends by change or death; but He loveth ever and changeth never. Other friends may not understand us, nor enter into our feelings; He "knoweth us altogether," and "He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Our "brother" may be lacking in sympathy, or may fail in faithfulness; but He is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

In time of fierce trial—when misrepresented and maligned, or when overwhelmed by calamity—we want a friend who will "stick" to us. For then weak friendships so often fail; the friend in fair weather falls off in foul. Even a brother may fail us then. Christ Jesus is the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

His friendship is like sunshine in the soul, and brings comfort, and hope, and gladness.

How real this is! How does the Lord verify Himself and His love to hearts that open to Him! We are filled with "peace in believing," with joy that is "unspeakable and full of glory." The unseen Christ becomes a "real presence." Then we "know and believe the love that God hath to us." Then we are enabled "to comprehend with all saints what is the height and length, and depth and breadth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Strange, paradoxical, that seems; but it is explicable to the heart to whom Christ reveals His loving fullness. Such an One "knows" what else "passeth knowledge," and feels the sunshine within.

Friend of all friends art Thou to me,
Whom, loving, yet I cannot see;
For Thy felt presence doth impart
The sweetest sunshine to my heart;
And love lifts up the inward eye,
Thee to discern, and own Thee nigh.

And Thou, blest vision of my soul!
Hast made my broken nature whole;
Hast purified my base desires,
And kindled passion's holiest fires;
My nature Thou hast lifted up,
And filled me with a glorious hope.

Nearer and dearer still to me,
Thou living, loving Saviour be;
Brighter the vision of Thy face,
More charming still Thy words of grace;
Till life shall be transformed to love—
A heaven below, a heaven above.

—*Good Words.*

Selections.

A man cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up. —*Addison.*

Ah, who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved,
To set me higher?

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Men's lives should be like the day—more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer—aglow with promise; and like the autumn—rich with golden sheaves, where good deeds have ripened in the field.

The mistake of many Christians in endeavoring to destroy their own, or the hold of sinners upon the world, by descanting upon the vanity of worldly pursuits, is obvious. They thus represent nature as a lie, and God as requiring gratitude for that which is not a good.—*Asa Mahan.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

ORANGE SNOW.—Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water; strain it, and let it stand until nearly cold; mix into it the juice of six or seven oranges and of one lemon; add the whites of three eggs and sugar to taste; whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge; put it into a mould, and turn it out on the following day.

RYE TEA CAKES.—Rye tea cakes or breakfast cakes are made of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt; stir in this enough flour to make a batter about like griddle-cake batter (rye flour sifted is to be used). Bake in well-buttered gem pans for half an hour. If the cook prefers to do so, she can use part rye and part wheat flour.

CURRIED EGGS.—Take one onion, chop it fine, fry it a light brown in one ounce of butter, add one tablespoonful of curry powder, stir it over the fire five minutes, then take it off to cool; spread on the bottom of a saucepan four ounces of butter, drop in six whole eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, then add the onion, salt and pepper; stir it on the fire until it becomes of the consistency of soft-mashed potatoes, and serve it with rice.

AN APPETIZING SALAD.—An appetizing salad can be made in this way: Put in the bottom of the salad-dish a layer of cold boiled potatoes, sliced thin; sprinkle pepper and salt over the slices, then put a layer of boiled lima beans, and so on, alternately, until the dish is full; season each layer with pepper and salt, and over the top, a few minutes before serving, pour enough vinegar to flavor the salad; mix a little melted butter with the vingar; mustard or curry powder may be added to suit the taste.

PRESERVING STRING BEANS.—String beans can be preserved for use in the winter in this way: First "string" the beans, then cut them in pieces about two inches long, and put them in a brine of the strength used for cucumber pickles—that is, about a cup of salt to a gallon of water; keep in a covered jar. When you wish to use them take them out and wash them; let them stand in cold water for several hours, then scald them; if not fresh after one scalding repeat that operation. The housewife who contributes this hint has tried this successfully year after year, and has never failed to have what appear like new string beans in midwinter. It is very little trouble to prepare them, and they help to give variety when it is difficult to know what to have for dinner.

Miscellaneous.

A TROPIC SUNSET.

Vanished the vision! Shadows of darkness
Compass the heavens, swift as disaster
Follows the onset of a grand army
Valiant of heroes.

Who shall describe it? There, o'er the ocean,
Just where the headland creeps from the mountain,
Thirsty with summer, down to the water,
Daylight departed.

From walls of blackness there at the northward,
Where the horizon blends with the desert
Of the eternal wild surging billows,
Flashed the red lightning.

East, where the shadows o'er fair Santa Rita,
Gather and hover, ghostly white vapors,
Creeping all softly up from the valleys,
Lay down to slumber.

All o'er the heavens spread a wide glory,
Greater than Jacob saw in his vision,
Grander by far than ever imagined
Milton or Dante.

The shore seemed enchanted, the sea turned to amber,
With pontoons of crystal thrown from the castles,
Proudly erected there on the mountains
Of the true Gold Coast.

Vessels seemed sailing up from the sunset,
Laden with treasure, sailing all fairly,
While o'er their courses waved without number
Banners of crimson.

Islands of beauty, seemingly real,
Filled all the west with a peace so enchanting,
The heart, being human, longed without measure
Its joys to inherit.

Eagerly longed that the shades of life's evening,
Folding their wings over all that can perish,
Might gather the loved on a shore so celestial
In the hereafter.

God knows forever the thoughts of His creatures,
Knows their true value. Therefore before Him
It were but vain that a pretence were offered
For true devotion.

Will He then listen, will He believe us,
When we, all thankful, reading His gospel,
Lay on His altar all that He gave us?
Love is immortal.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

English Mission in Boston.

Some time ago we reported that a gentleman offered to be one of ten to give one hundred dollars to support a missionary in Boston for one year. Since then a lady has informed us that she is willing to be one of the ten to assist in this movement. If we can hear of eight more of like mind, we will try to place a missionary in Boston by the side of Brother Schwartz before the leaves all fall from the trees, or by the opening of the new year. The next response, we think, ought now to come from a gentleman.

Dubois.

Well, where is Dubois? some of our readers in the East may naturally ask. It is a town of about 3000 inhabitants out in Clearfield county, on the Low Gauge Railroad, which runs from Red Bank on the Allegheny River to Driftwood on the Philadelphia and Erie road. It was started by Mr. Dubois, from Williamsport, who came to the place, about ten years ago, to engage in the lumber business. By his enterprise and means the town has grown up almost as rapidly as some of the towns in the far West, having now all the arrangements of a well ordered town, with its stores, churches, schools, hotels and other public institutions. It is not yet finished by any means. Some of the immense stumps pulled out of the ground by mechanical means, are still lying about, and have not as yet been utilized. Among many others, some Reformed families moved to this new centre of life and activity to find employment, and the nearest Reformed minister, Rev. John Woolbach came over from Troutville to look after them and preach for them. He reported to the Board that this was a good missionary field for the Reformed church, and the Board within the last year commissioned the Rev. D. H. Leader to take charge of it and the surrounding country as the missionary of the church.

Wishing to know something about this section of country from observation, and to overcome some doubts about it in our own mind, we visited it during the sessions of the Pittsburgh Synod, spending the Sunday at Dubois, preaching for the people, and assisting at the communion. We found that Mr. Leader had already made an encouraging beginning at Dubois, had occupied several other points, one at Reynoldsville, with 2,000 inhabitants, and another out on a spur of the Allegheny Mountains. The field we found to be well selected—one that will yield good fruit in the future under faithful cultivation. The valley of the Sandy Lick Creek from Red Bank on the Allegheny River to Dubois, over which we traveled, 65 miles in extent, is rich in lumber, coal, and iron, and this wealth is now being rapidly developed. As a matter of course towns spring up rapidly, population flows in, and ministers are much needed to look after the spiritual wants of the people. Twelve or fifteen years ago all this region was, to a great extent, a wilderness. Now, in some respects, it reminds us of the Lehigh Valley. Here as there, we will have flourishing churches by and by, if we improve our opportunities.

Items.

The additions to our missions during the past year were encouraging; at Catasauqua, 43; at Reading, 88; at Wilkesbarre, 70; at Harrisburg, both missions, 31; at Columbia, 28; at Meyerdale, 57; and at other points from 5 up to 20 or 30.

A little girl in the Pittsburgh Synod cultivated some missionary corn during the past summer, for which her father paid her fifty cents. When asked where it should be sent, she said to the Japanese student—at Lancaster—and to him it was accordingly sent.

The Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach writes that the "Little Corn Planters" in the Riegelsville charge have made $20 out of their corn-crop, for the cause of missions. Well done for the boys and girls along the Delaware. They were not very strong in number, but their ground must have been good and well cultivated. We trust that others may do as well, and many still better.

We have learned that at least some of our congregations lifted collections for church building purposes on the first or second Sunday in September. In reply to the inquiries that are addressed to us in regard to whom the money is to be paid we reply, that it should be sent to our general treasurer, Wm. H. Seibert, at Harrisburg—through the classical treasurers, where that is the rule.

Our missionary in North Carolina, Rev. G. D. Gurley, last summer visited one of the vacant charges of the Classis—East Rowan, we think—and gave it a thorough pastoral visitation. Although it was in harvest-time, he collected all the members of the families together, from the harvest field, read the scriptures, prayed, and talked to them on the subject of religion. It suited the pastor best to come at that time. Did it suit the people? It seems it did. These southerners, in every case, were highly please with such visits, thanked the minister most sincerely, and told him to come again. After all, our flocks like to see their shepherd among them and to hear his voice.

The St. Mark's Missionary Society of the Zion's charge, Crawford county, in this State, had an interesting monthly meeting during the latter part of August. The weather was unfavorable, but the church was crowded. After the transaction of the usual business, Mr. William Weir, President of the Society, added a new feature to such meetings by making the pastor, Rev. J. W. Pontious, some handsome presents as tokens of the appreciation of the interest he has all along taken in the advancement of the society. After his response, the society had an interesting social meeting, which, no doubt, was as refreshing as a gentle shower in warm weather. Our missionary societies, as we predicted, turn out to be useful in more ways than one. They help to bring the churches to a state of self-consciousness, and in this way to diffuse a good spirit among the members. The result is always a general advance in the congregation.

Science and Art.

Another step towards the entire and final completion of the Cologne Cathedral has just been taken. The iron scaffolding for use in putting on the roof is in place, and the men are about to begin the work of laying down wooden plates. Great care will be brought to bear upon this work, as the plates are expected to last for many scores of years.

French enterprise is steadily persevering in the work of redeeming the desert of Sahara by means of artesian wells. A large number of wells have been sunk along the northern border, more than 150 in the Province of Constantine alone, and the work is advancing into the interior. One of the curious phenomena which the digging of these wells has brought to notice is the existence of fish and crabs at great depths. The learned engineer M. Jus, who for twenty years has directed the work, avers that he once boiled and ate a crab which had been drawn up from a depth of 250 feet, and that, moreover, it was of an excellent flavor.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk, or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard as long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. The beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disk is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

Personal.

It is proposed to honor the memory of Roger Williams by naming after him the principal streets in several towns and cities of Rhode Island.

Herbert Spencer characterizes Oscar Wilde as "an outlandish person who attempted to reconcile idiocy with art and nambypambyism with sentiment."

The Rev. Charles J. Little, of the Philadelphia Conference, and a Professor in Dickinson College, has been appointed State Librarian by the Governor of Pennsylvania.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has bought a chateau and park in Syria for $300,000, and it is no secret that she quits England in anger at the attentions shown to Cetywayo, whom she hates for the death of her son in Africa.

"Low Foo, a Chinaman, when converted under the labors of Dr. Graves at Canton, sold himself as a slave in order that he might go to Demarara and preach the Gospel to his fellow countrymen there. And this he has done so successfully that he now has a church of two hundred converted Chinamen who are supporting missionaries among their own people."

The oldest twins now living in the United States, it is said, are Bernard and John Kepler, who still live in the quaint old hillside house in Plumstead, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, where they were born on March 27, 1792. They never have parted company for a day, and have only been out of the county once, when, in 1860, they visited Philadelphia for a short time. They voted for President Madison for his second term, and have voted at every Presidential election since.

Items of Interest.

Austria has voted 700,000 florins for the sufferers by the floods in the Tyrol.

The Mount of Olives has been desecrated by the opening of a beer-garden upon it.

The Khedive will bestow on General Wolseley the grand cordon of the Order of Osmanli.

The total valuation of real and personal estate for the State of New York amounts to $2,783,682,567.

French artisans are now making smoking pipes of a quality pronounced equal to the meerschaum, from celluloid obtained from potatoes.

There was a rumor in Vienna on Friday last that the Emperor and Empress of Russia were secretly crowned during their late visit to Moscow.

At Balbriggan, Ireland, where the celebrated hosiery is manufactured, a factory was destroyed last week and three hundred persons were thrown out of employment.

The Court jewellers of St. Petersburg are busy putting the coronation insignia in proper condition. The crown, which is valued at more than one million rubles, consists of two halves, symbolically representing the Byzantine and West Roman Empires. It was ordered by Catharine II. for her coronation. Even more precious is the sceptre, which was made for the coronation of the Emperor Paul, on April 5, 1797. It is ornamented with the wonderful Orloff diamond, which weighs 194¾ carats, or nearly nine carats more than the Kohinoor. It is now estimated at three million rubles, and the total value of the Russian crown diamonds is considered to be about twelve millions.

There is only one thing about Professor Bell, Florida agent of the Smithsonian Institution, which his neighbors do not like, and that is the pleasure which he takes in the companionship of venomous snakes. A countryman called upon the Professor the other day, and as he entered the room a huge rattlesnake dropped off a sofa pillow which had been placed upon a chair for his accommodation, glided into a corner, coiled, and waving his head back and forth, shook his rattles viciously at the intruder. "Great jeeswax!" exclaimed the countryman. "Come in!" said the Professor cordially, handing his caller the chair just vacated by the snake; "don't mind him; he's nottused to strangers, that's all." The snake obeyed an order to "hush that fuss," but still kept vigilant watch over the visitor, who, under the circumstances, did not care to make a long stay. Doubtless the reptile's fangs had been drawn, but that did not transform him into an agreeable object for contemplation.

Books and Periodicals.

We have just received from the publisher, 190 Strand, London, the summer number of the *Graphic*, which is a wonder in its way, and illustrates the advance made in England in the art of color printing. The subjects vary from grave to gay, from lively to severe. Some of them are mirth-provoking.

The following facts in this connection will be interesting to our readers: "A recently-published Directory in America, in commenting on the subject, contains the statement that over 70,000 dollars, or £14,000 sterling, were expended on the production of one these Special Season Numbers of the London Graphic, and although the Author adds that "America to-day stands without a peer in the delicate finish of her Illustrations, &c.," it is doubtful whether any proprietorate in any country has expended so vast a sum on the publication of one single issue; of a Number subsequent to the one before referred to, over 520,000 copies were issued, and the number was out of print in a few days. More than 160 tons of paper were consumed, and the total cost of production was 85,000 dols., and the pages if put end to end would have made an unbroken line of paper reaching from London to New York. The whole of the Illustrations being printed in many colors, and each sheet having to go through the press separately for each color, represents a total of over 15,000,000 impressions."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending October 7th and 14th contain Some Impressions of the United States, part II, by Edward A. Freeman, Fortnightly Review; Indian Society, Temple Bar; Lt. Col. Patrick Ferguson, A Career of the American Revolution, Blackwood; Moslem Pirates in the Mediterranean, Cornhill; The Lights of "Maga," part III, Blackwood; The Analysis of Humor, Fortnightly Review; Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, part II, Modern Review; A Venetian Medley, Fraser; Researches in My Pockets, Temple Bar; Whitehall, Past and Future, Cornhill; The Heroine of a Fishing Village, St. James's Gazette; An American in England Forty Years Ago, Saturday Review; The "Eira" Expedition, Nature; Snake Charmers, Field; together with serials, "Robin," by Mrs. Parr, "The Ladies Lindores," and "No New Thing," and selections of poetry.

The number for Oct. 7th begins a new volume, and is a good one with which to begin a subscription.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

Near Mifflinsburg, Pa., October 5, 1882, by Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Mr. Franklin Kline to Miss Sevilla S. Stees.

On the evening of October 5th, 1882, at the residence of the bride's mother, in East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., by Rev. J. W. Knappenberger, Mr. William F. Hennig to Miss Sophia Reithel, both of the East End.

Obituaries.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE BEGUN AND ENDED IN CHRIST.

Fell asleep in Jesus Christ, at her home, on East Main street, Mechanicsburg, Pa., on Sunday morning, October 1st, Mrs. Polly Titzel, widow of Christian Titzel, and daughter of Martin Rupp, deceased, aged 72 years, 4 mos. and 23 days.

Mother Titzel, as she was called, lived and passed away in the immediate neighborhood where she was born. For twenty years she lived a widowed life, ordering her house with rare excellence and great skill for God's glory and her own comfort and happiness. All her children, seven in number, were nurtured in the Lord, and at the proper age were received into full communion and fellowship in the Church. One, at 37 years of age, finished his work, and rests from his labors. The other six occupy a high place in the Church, one of whom is the beloved pastor of Christ's Reformed Church at Altoona, Pa., the Rev. John M. Titzel, D.D.

Planted in the life of Christ in her infancy, through the holy sacrament of Baptism, administered by the Rev. Anthony Hautz, the first resident pastor of the Reformed Church at Harrisburg, her parents were careful in training her and all their children, by precept and example, in the true knowledge and fear of God. As she advanced in life, she also advanced unto the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus. Like as the tender vine lays hold for support upon the tree, and creeps up higher and higher, so the young life of Mrs. Titzel, apprehended by the Holy Ghost, laid hold upon and fastened itself to the blessed Person of the Lord Jesus Christ; and gradually she came to *know* Him, whom her soul loved, and she continued to love Him to the end.

The deceased enjoyed in an eminent degree a present and personal interest in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, which gradually unfolded into a consciousness that she had in her the GERM of that *glorified life* which she hoped to share with her risen, ascended and living Saviour in that land where no *curse* can enter. She knew, and her knowledge was rich and full, that this high privilege, which she possessed in Christ, could not be taken away from her without her consent. Hence she was vigilant and prayerful, during her whole life. All the graces of the Christian religion shone out distinctly in her life and history. Her meekness and catholicity were proverbial in Mechanicsburg and vicinity. Her *new life in Christ* was of a peculiar loveliness—she was the Church's *ideal* of Christian perfection—a perfection made all the more beautiful by the baptism of suffering through which the closing years of her pathway led. In the darkest hour of her sorrow, when the cloud seemed to have no silver lining, she would say: "The Lord's will be done." She never doubted the wisdom, the goodness, the paternal kindness, of her heavenly Father, in His dealings with her or hers, because her life was hid with Christ in God, and whatever came to be her lot, in this "vale of tears," was borne with Christian resignation. So completely was her life taken up into the life of Christ that the consciousness of it cheered, with consoling expectation, the gloom which sometimes hangs around the dying hour For her death had no terror. She would talk of it as one talks of going on a journey. And when the dread hour did come to her, she was *ready to go*—it was the messenger whom God sent to open to her soul the gateway to the many-mansioned home, "beyond the stars."

"Sure the last
End of the good man is peace!"

The high degree of Christian perfection which Polly Titzel enjoyed was not the attainment of a day, or a week, but it was the sure and silent growth of many long years of faithful service in the Master's vineyard. It was during the pastorate of the Rev. Anthony Hautz at Harrisburg that "Frieden Kirche," opposite Shiremanstown, was built. Martin Rupp, the father of the deceased, was one of the contractors. I refer to this fact because the Christian life of the deceased was inwrought with the founding and early history of this congregation, descending, as she did, from an old and prominent family in the Reformed Church in the United States. It was in the newly-made walls of this church that she was confirmed by the Rev. John Winebrenner, when 14 years of age. For 58 years she was a consistent and faithful member of the Church. And when her pastor withdrew from the Reformed Church and established the "Church of God," rending the congregation to pieces, she remained constant—she was at her post, doing duty. Her *constancy* was not of that stoical sort of which we sometimes read, but it was mild and steady, like that of the Northern Star in its relation to the Pole to which it ever points. She loved her pastor, even in his weakness and defection, but she loved her Church more.

As a mother she was a *model*. This theme is too sacred to write about. Her *home* was a little world of joy and love—of innocence and tranquillity, where *Peace* outspread her balmy wings, and where *Plenty* brooded. Not only for the children and the grand-children was it a home, but acquaintances and strangers thronged it, and always received a cordial welcome and a sure protection beneath its roof. Many a poor person was fed at her table. Especially so was it a "Preacher's Home." In its sacred precincts many a weary pastor forgot his own sorrows, and cares, and disappointments, amid the sunshine, encompassing him in it.

As a neighbor, Mrs. Titzel had few equals, and no superiors. She was useful and obliging to a fault. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, witnessed the fervor of her unselfish consecration, and were blessed with the light of her angelic ministries.

Gifted in a high degree by *Nature* and by *Grace*, it is no wonder that an immense congregation bore her to her burial—"none knew her but to love." The end has come. "She hath done what she could," and, in doing it, she hath erected a *memorial* that shall stand, when monumental marble shall have crumbled into its native dust—her life was a success—she has not lived in vain.

On Tuesday morning, following her death, her remains were taken to St. Paul's Reformed Church, of which she was a faithful and consistent member, from its organization, where the funeral services were held. In the absence of the pastor, who failed in receiving the telegram, the services were conducted by the Rev. Deatrich, a former pastor, assisted by the pastors of the various churches of the town.

At the conclusion of the services in the church, the remains were borne to the cemetery, opposite Shiremanstown, where they repose under the shadow of "Frieden Kirche," awaiting the Resurrection of the just in Christ, and the final *Restoration* in the Life Everlasting.

On her newly-made grave we lay this garland as a token of respect to a beautiful life begun and ended in Christ Jesus.

Tribute of Respect.

This tribute of respect is paid to the late elder, Michael Smith, who fell "asleep in Jesus," July 22, 1882.

It is becoming that the life of the just be not too soon forgotten. We may no longer look upon that life among us. Only as this most excellent man loved to sit at the feet of Jesus can we follow in his footsteps. He knew no faltering when duty called. His soul was in the work of the Master. Indifference, or contentions in the flock, was a source of sadness to him.

He seemed to know full well the dignity of the office to which he had been called. In the support of his pastor he never wearied. And to see his seat vacant during the regular service meant that the Elder was sick.

He was not suddenly called to lay down his warfare; but from the beginning of his illness realized that his work on earth was done. He received the holy sacrament from his pastor's hand, shortly before he left the charge to recruit his health. Before his return to the charge, all that was mortal of our good brother had been laid to rest, and his spirit gone to join that "innumerable throng" in a higher communion than that of the Church militant. We feel his loss. He knows his gain. We sorrow not as those without hope. He rejoices in the blessed reality.

At a meeting of the Consistory of the Union Chapel congregation, of which he was a member, held August 12, 1882, it was resolved,

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His Providence to remove from our midst this brother and co-laborer, Michael Smith,

That we, his fellow-elders and co-workers, bowing submissively to Him who doeth all things well, give this as an expression of the worth, and esteem, in which he was held by us.

That by his removal we who remain are admonished to redoubled diligence in the Master's vineyard, with the hope his mantel may fall upon one that is worthy.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his aged sister and to the Reformed MESSENGER.

S.

DIED.—In Littlestown, October 3, 1882, Rufus Wilt, aged 45 years, 9 months and 8 days.

DIED.—Near Berlin, Pa., September 6, 1882, Mrs. Elizabeth Brubaker, aged 79 years, 1 month and 11 days.

Consecrated to the Lord in infancy by the holy sacrament of Baptism, and instructed in the doctrines and duties of our religion, as set forth in the Word of God and the Heidelberg Catechism, the deceased was received into full communion with the Reformed Church by the rite of confirmation, under the pastorate of Rev. Geisey. Having thus assumed the vows of the Christian covenant, she endeavored to lead a Christian life and remained in living fellowship with her Saviour until she was summoned from earth. The special favor was granted her of passing the allotted period of human life, reaching almost fourscore years. She came to her "grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." As she approached her end she could realize that for *her "to die was gain," because for her "to live* was Christ." She has passed from earth to take her place, we hope, in the Church triumphant. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

A lonely husband, two years her senior, remains, expecting, in the course of nature, soon to pass over where families ne'er break up. May those who remain realize that whatever Mother Brubaker was as a Christian she became through adoring faith in Christ. And may they seek to imitate the good in those who have gone before us in the way of salvation, that they may enter at death into their joy and so abide with them in rest and peace till all reach the common consummation of redemption and bliss in the glorious resurrection at the last day!

B.

DIED.—September 2, 1882, in Leacock township, Lancaster county, Pa., Christian Esby, aged about 91 years.

This aged father was highly respected for the many excellent traits of character which he possessed. But with all his good qualities of mind and heart he was not led to Christ until in old age. In 1873 he was baptized by an Episcopal clergyman, and in 1876 he was, at his own request, received into full communion with the Zeltenreich Church of the New Holland charge. Since then he enjoyed the ministrations of grace regularly until the end of his life. His faith was not at all times as clear as desirable, and hence he often spoke of attending the means of grace from a sense of duty. At other times childlike faith in his heavenly Father again seemed to bring him great consolation. Having passed through many sorrows in this life, we hope the change which death brought was for him a great gain. May he rest in peace.

D. W. G.

DIED.—On the 17th of August, 1882, Mary A. Bushong, wife of Daniel G. Espenschied, passed gently away in a peaceful and happy death, aged 29 years, 3 months and 9 days.

Blessed with a good home training, and being naturally of a devout frame of mind, she was received into full communion with Heller's Church of the New Holland charge, when only in the fifteenth year of her age. The profession then made she ever after adorned with a consistent Christian life. Though quiet and reserved in her manner, her faith was of that positive kind which made itself itself felt for good wherever she was known. Less than four weeks before her death she was in her usual place in church. In a little more than two weeks typhoid fever did its worst, and her noble life was ended. She had the satisfaction of knowing that through her instrumentality her husband had been led to Christ, and her three children she had consecrated to God in infant baptism. We comfort ourselves with the Christian hope, that our loss is her eternal gain.

D. W. G.

Acknowledgments.

FOR HOME MISSIONS.

Contributed by St James congregation, Limerick, $14 59. Amity do, 35 00. Rev F J Mohr, 25 50. Rev D E Schoedler, 7 50. Rev L J Mayer, 127 11. Rev L K Evans, 95 99 Rev Eli Kirlin, 119 25. Thomas Christman, Treas Christ Ref Church, 43 00. Rev C Z Weiser, Great Swamp cong. 123 47. Rev C Z Weiser, New Goshenhoppen do, 174 36. Rev C H Herbst, 10 62. Rev A L Dechant, 182 00. Rev S M K Huber, 54 00. Total, $1012 39.

D. B. MAUGER, Treasurer Goshenhoppen Classis.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. J. H. SECHLER, Rev. D. B. LADY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1882.

ONE TALENT MEN.

The utterance of our Saviour in regard to the man who buried his talent in the earth is very deep and solemn. The divine wisdom shows itself first of all in the fact that it is the man with but *one* talent who is represented as having neglected his duty and brought himself under condemnation. And this wisdom will be apparent when we remember that the vast multitude of men fall into the error of thinking that because little is given to them *nothing* will be required of them. They say that if they had vast powers of mind, or great influence, or wealth, they would be encouraged to undertake something for the cause of Christ, but as it is, they excuse themselves, not hesitating to roll the blame upon the Almighty, calling Him a hard Master, reaping where He has not sown and gathering where He has not strawn.

But what is the Master's command in regard to this representation of the large class who make this a pretext? "Take the talent from him and give it unto him which hath ten talents." This deprivation although partly penal is also a natural consequence of sloth, and very few realize that the fearful process is going on around us continually. Many a man may congratulate himself because he has avoided his duty by giving and doing nothing; and he may rejoice when he sees that the very fact of his neglect has required his neighbor to do so much more. But all this time the grace of doing and giving is decreased in the one while it is increased in the other, even as Christ has said, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath, and cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

This subject contains a tremendous lesson for persons of limited means and opportunities who think that everything should be done by the rich. The man with five talents is bound to be a faithful steward, but no one has a right to think that his own deficiencies are to be made up by the generosity of others. Liberal gifts for particular objects on the part of individuals often set whole communities at rest as to their own duties, but every one should remember that it is not the "little or much," but fidelity to what has been entrusted to *him*, that will determine whether he has been a profitable or unprofitable servant.

Large endowments on the part of those to whom much has been given, are right and good. They but show the proper use of the five talents, but the deficiencies of the Church are due to the fact that the myriads of *one* talent persons are retiring what God has given them, from His service. If these multitudinous little streams were pouring into the Lord's treasury it would be kept full, and no matter how small his gift no one can withhold "that which he hath," without a defection of *character* which will condemn him in the end.

Dr. Thomas G. Apple is to preach the sermon at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Moravian Church, at Lancaster, on the 15th instant. Bishop De Schweinitz, Drs. Schaff, Newton, and others are to be present, and the occasion will be clothed with much interest.

We hope that the Report of the Board of Publication sent out last week as a supplement to the MESSENGER, has been read by our people. The difficulty in times past has been that our church members have not been sufficiently informed upon subjects that ought to concern them greatly. Reports of the general operations of the Church have been heard only by such as have attended the meetings of Synods, or read only by the limited number who have received copies of the printed minutes. And even then they have failed to engage practical attention. So too when these reports have been allowed to drag their slow length through successive numbers of the MESSENGER, often to the exclusion of other matter, they have been looked upon as fragmentary and dry. We think it decidedly better that all such papers should be put before the Church at one time, and that as soon as ecclesiastical bodies have acted upon them. This will prepare the *people* for action and help the pastors greatly.

THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The Bi Centennial celebration of the founding of Pennsylvania of which we lately published some account, and which is to take place in this city during the week commencing with Oct. 22d, will be one of the most elaborate pageants ever witnessed in the United States. The scenic representation of the Landing of William Penn, the reproduction of things as they appeared two hundred years ago, the procession of tradesmen, the parade of twenty thousand soldiers, and perhaps as many more members of civic and benevolent societies, and the display of fireworks will attract an immense crowd of people.

We are glad to see that provision has been made for proper religious services on Sunday, the 22d inst. Historical sermons will be preached in most of the churches in the city and in many places throughout the State. The discourse in Christ Reformed church on Green Street, will be delivered by Prof. J. H. Dubbs of Lancaster, and will doubtless prove very edifying.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ALTOONA, Oct. 13th, 1882.

——"October is here
With his army of artists gay,
To bivouac in the merry green woods,
And over the moors to stray,
Till all the trees on hillock and wold,
From the sea to the mountain's crest
In crimson, scarlet, purple and gold,
For Thanksgiving day shall be dressed."

* * * * * *

"And now the gorgeous Tyrian tints
On dogwood and ash are laid;
And liquid amber, maple and oak,
In orange and scarlet arrayed,
With stalwart hickory, feathery elm,
White birch and buttonwood bold,
And towering liriodendron vie
For the crown of crimson and gold."

Any one who travels from Philadelphia to this summit city of central Pennsylvania, at this season of the year, will see the truth of the above lines. The scenery through the "garden spot" of the state and up the Susquehanna is very beautiful. Some of the islands in the river look like fairy lands, and now that red-armed Autumn is striking her glowing anvil, every thing in field and on mountain is gorgeous. It does not require biting frosts to produce this effect. The leaves ripen just as surely as the fruit. Perfection marks the beginning of their decay, but the bannered glories that wave over the declining year are green and crimson, and russet and golden, and whether looked at through the gossamer veil which the mists throw over them, or in the mellow light of the October sun, they charm the eye and inspire the heart.

Altoona, where the Potomac Synod is now in session, is right in the midst of all these beautiful things. The city is the creation of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, which years ago established its principal offices and car shops here, and has since been paying out hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for material and labor. One can get a better idea of the immense motive power belonging to that corporation here than any where else.

The city now containing 23,000 inhabitants is no longer a place of cheap tenement houses. There are fine residences, and a prominent feature of the place is the "Logan House"—one of the finest hotels in the country. It is first-class in all its appointments, and has a capacity for 250 guests. The railroad company under whose auspices it was built, has made it an inducement for people to come here, where 1200 feet above the level of the sea, with pure mountain air and all that is picturesque in nature about them, asthmatic sufferers and others in search of health find relief. Mr. W. D. Tyler, who is also superintendent of the "Mountain House" on the very top of the Alleghenies, is now in Europe, but he certainly has left his interests and the comfort of his guests in competent hands.

Our Church here has not only been a success in itself, but illustrates the advantage of good judgment in seeking proper places in which to plant missions. In the year 1862, by direction of the Westmoreland Classis, Rev. Cyrus Cort, then a licentiate under its care, examined the field here, at Tyrone and Johnstown. Altoona then contained about 5000 inhabitants, and among these about fifteen persons, some of them poor widows, were found whose attachment to the faith of their fathers remained, and who were willing to join in the organization of a mission. The young missionary was directed to give his attention to the one point. He bought a good site, collected money and laid the foundation for a structure which was thought to be extravagant in its style and proportions. But at the end of four years and four months he left it under roof and out of debt. Afterwards under the pastorate of Rev. A. C. Whitmer, it was finished and a fine manse built beside it. The wisdom of devising liberal things has since become apparent. There was foresight in the purchase of so large a lot, and the church building which was almost laughed at as a young cathedral, is now too small for the wants of the congregation. But the good judgment had already shown itself in foreseeing that the "summit city of the Pennsylvania railroad" would attract a teeming industrious population. And here, let us remark, that there is just such another place at Roanoke, Virginia. We are glad that our brethren across the Potomac have determined to secure the point, and we are sure that the Church at large will help them.

We do not know the exact length of Bro. Whitmer's pastorate, but we do know that with all its ups and downs it was a successful one. For the past three years Rev. John M. Titzel, D. D., has been the pastor, during which time there has been a steady solid growth. The increase of the membership has been twenty per cent. which is larger than usual in the best established congregations.

Of the Synod now assembled here we need not write, as the Stated Clerk will give an account of its proceedings. It is a young body and has all the vigor of growth. The members are comfortably entertained, and seem to be enjoying themselves. We are glad to see members of the neighboring Synods here. Pittsburg is represented by Revs. Love, McConnell, Knappenberger, P. C. Prugh, Superintendent of Butler Orphan Home, elder Barnhart and others, while Drs. Theo. Appel, Rev. C. G. Fisher, Superintendent of the Publication House, a worn-out editor, and last but not least, Rev. Dr. McCauley, whom every one is glad to see in improved health, have been here from the old mother Synod.

We wish that a re-union could have been arranged between the Pittsburg Synod and the Synod of the United States which is now in session just across the ridge at Bellefonte.

The Bishop of Michigan, in his late lectures on the "Prophetic Office in the Christian Church," urged candidates for the Gospel ministry to that manliness which would keep them from "the pitiable state of thinking chiefly not how they may help men, but how men may help them," a condition which he aptly characterized as a "chronic condition of being ministered unto."

A celebrated English divine, in speaking to his people of their non-attendance upon the services of the sanctuary, did not place the matter on the grounds of mere compliment to him. The minister of Christ he thought might find other encouragement. He said: "I only lament your absence from religious ordinances. I do not complain of it. But perhaps, while one is busy with his farm, and another with his merchandise, and therefore cannot come, the vacant aisles are filled with invisible angels, and the discouraged pastor may, with the spiritual eye of faith, be conscious of their presence, and see the waving of the skirts of those whose faces see God."

The New York *Herald* revives the statement made some time ago that Jay Gould is endeavoring to obtain control of the Associated Press, in order that the collection and transmission of news may be entirely in his hands. There seems to be some grounds for this report, and people will be interested in knowing something about the general subject.

"The Associated Press is a union of seven of the large New York dailies for the purpose of collecting and distributing news. It employs a large force of agents and reporters, and it sells the news which it gathers to other papers in the city and elsewhere. The news is transmitted by the Western Union Telegraph, which is controlled by Mr. Gould. The consequences of such a monopoly in the hands of a great stock operator, a monopoly which would enable him to color all the news, are evident."

Mr. Gould already has control of three of the seven papers belonging to the association, and it is supposed that he is in a fair way to get the fourth in his hands which would make him master of the situation.

Fortunately, however, it is next to impossible for this daring scheme to succeed until all the papers connected with the association should fall in with the movement. Any one remaining outside of the ring would reveal the plot, and the moment the fact of the monopoly was known, the reports would fail to be credited. The *Herald* announces that should Mr. Gould obtain possession of four papers out of the seven, it will publish all the news received through the usual agency as Jay Gould's telegrams. This would draw the sting at once. Nobody would believe reports so labelled until they were confirmed.

There is no use to talk about the drain made upon the Church for money when only $48,000,000 have been contributed for the support of the Gospel during the past year, while $740,000,000 have been spent for the cause of evil. It has taken more to keep up a dram shop than a chapel, and we hear no complaint about the tax.

In answer to the oft-repeated assertion that Christianity is losing its hold upon the people, Dr. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, lately read a paper, showing the relative gain in population of the various towns and cities of the South, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in those cities during the decade closing with the United States Census of 1880. The total average shows, that while the gain in the population has been 48.2 per cent. the gain in the Church has been 62.0 per cent. The *Atlanta Constitution* thinks the gain in the country districts would be even greater. It must be remembered too that this takes in only the relative increase shown by the statistics of one denomination. If the gain of other churches were counted, the showing would be much better. The *Constitution* in commenting upon the tables it gives, says: "Dr. Deems did not produce any statistics from the northern cities or States. These may not have been at hand. The figures for the entire country will be awaited with interest, and there will be a feeling of deep disappointment if the percentage of gain in church membership falls below that of population during the last decade. We are confident that the margin of difference will be in favor of religion. The fifty millions of our people are gathered from all nations, subject to all sorts of influences, yet, when the truth is ascertained, we believe it will be seen that the Churches are steadily gaining recruits from the ranks of the careless and even from the army of scoffers."

Rev. H. K. Brinkley reports thirteen new subscribers for the MESSENGER and two for the *Hausfreund* in the Duncannon charge, of which Rev. Jas. R. Lewis is pastor.

Dr. Buckley, of New York, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, lately declined an invitation to visit Coney Island. The proprietor of one of the hotels of that noted resort offered him free transportation, entertainment for himself and wife, from Saturday until Monday, and fifty dollars besides, if he would preach there on a certain Sunday morning. The offer was declined, not because the Doctor objected to preaching, and not because the crowd on the beach did not need to hear the word of God, but because this object of the invitation was to subsidize his ministry in the way of an advertisement for the place, and because he regarded it as an attraction to Sabbath-breaking excursions. Good men say he was right.

"UNTO HIM."

In January, 1881, the *Christian Advocate* in an editorial spoke of the fact that while the Methodists were abreast with the times in all other Christian work, they were deficient in charitable institutions, and urged the establishment of a general hospital in the City of New York. A few days afterwards Mr. George I. Seney wrote a letter approving the plan and offering sixteen lots worth $40,000, and $200,000 in cash for the starting of such an institution, under Methodist direction, but open alike to Jews or Gentiles, Protestants or Roman Catholics. Ground was broken in March, 1882, and recently the corner-stone was laid with proper ceremonies. The central building is now advanced to the first story. The entire cost for the buildings will be about $1,000,000 and afford accommodation for over two hundred beds.

The picture of the building given in *Harper's Weekly* for October 7th represents it as a noble structure, and it will not only stand as a lasting monument to its generous founder, but be a blessing to suffering humanity. The enterprise speaks well for the Methodist church.

The Methodist Book Concern has purchased the subscription list and good will of the New York *Methodist*, which will be transferred to the *Christian Advocate* after this week's issue of the former journal. The *Methodist* was founded in 1860, but the issues which led to its establishment have ceased, and now the two papers will be merged. We will miss the *Methodist* from our exchange list. It was a spicy, well-edited paper, but the wisdom of giving it up, as a separate publication, cannot be doubted.

Among the Exchanges.

The Examiner and Chronicle, gives us this in regard to the "Habit of Untruth," and we most hartily commend it to our readers:

"Some men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the simple truth. They may not mean to lie, or to tell an untruth, but they are careless—careless in hearing, careless in understanding, careless in repeating what is said to them. These well-meaning but reckless people do more mischief than those who intentionally foment strife by deliberate falsehood. There is no fire-brand like your well-meaning busybody, who is continually in search of scandal, and by sheer habit misquotes everybod's statements.

This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and his fellows requires him to be careful; for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course that other class, the malignant scandalmongers who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble men's words and twist their sentiments, is in the minority, and people have a very decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in speaking the truth is a pre-eminent duty.

The effects of this careless misrepresenting of others are seen everywhere. Its effect on the individual is to confirm him in a habit of loose, distorted and exaggerated statement, until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken so many dissensions in churches, so much bitterness in communities and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every honorable man—a rebuke that should be given not only in words whenever occasion demands, but by example. The Persians were said to teach their youth three things: to ride, to draw the bow and to speak the truth. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization."

The Rev. Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, has addressed the following letter to the *N. Y. Times* on the absorbing topic of the day, the imperative need of a radical reform in the Civil Service of the county:

To the Editor:

I have read with deep interest the account of the proceedings of the National League for the Promotion of Civil Reform. I notice that it is proposed to ask the clergy and colleges to take up the question. I doubt much whether ministers of religion should do so, from the pulpit or in their official capacity, but they might profitably do so as citizens. But on one point I have a strong and decided opinion, and that is that colleges should speak out loudly and openly, both by their officers and their students. A proper measure of civil reform as involving examinations on literary and scientific subjects, and fitted to raise the character of aspirants for office, will promote the same ends as a college education. For years past I have been addressing the students of Princeton College on the subject. At our Commencement in June last the subject was ably discussed in the Lynde debate by members of the graduating class. I lived in Great Britain when civil reform was discussed and carried there, and before I left the country I saw the good effects that followed immediately and visibly in the elevation of the public servants. It so happened that I was one of a commission of twelve or fifteen persons appointed by the crown to organize the system, on the first application of it, which was to the civil officers sent out to govern the great Territory of India; and I had to take part in conducting the first examination. It will give me great satisfaction to help in any way, however small, to promote the cause in this country. In the accomplishment of this I propose to give the students of the college over which I preside an opportunity of combining to secure a measure of civil reform. This is the great political—I would rather say the great national—question of the day, in comparison of which every other is insignificant. It is not only good in itself, but is the only means of stopping that political corruption of which every party is complaining. What we need at present is a combined movement among thinking and educated men to overbear the influence of those politicians who, for selfish, for personal and party ends, are practically opposing a measure so palpably for the benefit of the country.

JAMES MCCOSH.

Communications.

SYNOD OF POTOMAC.

The Synod of the Potomac convened in annual meeting in Christ Reformed church of Altoona, Pa., on Wednesday evening, Oct. 11, 1882. The meeting was in general convention. Rev. J. G. Brown, the retiring president, preached the opening sermon, using 1 Tim. 2: 5 and 6 verses, as his text. His theme was "The Person and Mediatorial character of our Lord Jesus Christ," which was listened to attentively by his audience.

At the close of the sermon, the president called the Synod to order and opened it with prayer. The synodical roll was then formed, thirty-eight ministers and thirty-two delegated elders responded to the call of their names. Ten or a dozen ministers from the Synods of

the Reformed Church in the United States and of Pittsburgh being present, were received as advisory members of Synod. An election was then held for president, which resulted in the choice of Rev. N. H. Skyles. The Synod thereupon adjourned to meet on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

On Thursday morning the organization was completed by the election of Rev. Dr. Weisz as vice-president; Rev. W. C. Cremer, as corresponding secretary; and Rev. J. A. Hoffheins, as reading clerk. The usual standing committees were appointed. Reports of the Board of Visitors, and of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary, Board of Home Missions, and superintendent of Missions were received and referred to appropriate committees. A missionary meeting was ordered to be held on Thursday evening, and a Sunday-school meeting on Friday evening.

The Ministerial Necrological Committee submitted its annual report, made appropriate reference to the aged ministers, Rev. Daniel Gring and Rev. William F. Colliflower, members of the Synod, who were called to their reward by the Master, during the synodical year. The report was adopted by the Synod, the members rising to their feet and standing in silence for a few seconds.

A number of ministers and elders appeared on the floor of Synod for the first time, during Thursday's sessions, as well as more advisory members and ministers of sister denominations. A considerable portion of the afternoon was taken up in considering the report of the Standing Committee on Minutes of Synod. Most of the items were either referred to the Standing Committee on Nominations, to make the necessary nominations to fill vacancies in the various Boards of the Synod, or temporarily laid on the table.

The annual report of the Reformed Church Publication Board was received and read, and then referred to the Committee on Publication, with instructions to report at the opening session of Friday.

A very interesting missionary meeting was held on Thursday evening, at which addresses were made by the Superintendent of Missions, and Rev. Dr. Eschbach, and Rev. H. Hilbish. A collection was also lifted for the cause of Home Missions.

STATED CLERK.

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States convened in annual session October 11, in the St. John's Reformed church, Bellefonte, Pa. The opening sermon was preached by the President of Synod, Rev. J. W. Steinmetz, from Reading, from St. John 2: 17, "The zeal of thy house has eaten me up."

After divine service the Synod was duly organized by electing Rev. G. H. Johnston, of Philadelphia, president; Rev. W. C. Schaffer, of Danville, corresponding secretary; it re-elected Elder J. J. Nissley, of Hummelstown, as treasurer; and continued Rev. J. P. Stein, of West Philadelphia, as stated clerk.

No less than 40 ministers and about 30 elders from the various classes constituting this Synod, have been in attendance during its present sessions.

Numerous reports and other documents were placed before Synod, which were referred to different committees to suggest such measures and plans as may require synodic action.

An overture has been received from the German Synod of the Reformed Church in the East, requesting this Synod to aid in erecting a monument to the memory of Casper Olevianus, one of the authors of the Heidelberg Catechism, in the church of one of the towns of Germany, where his body lies buried. This subject was commended to the favorable attention of the ministers and congregations of this Synod. It is the judgment of Synod that the funds raised for this special object should average at least one dollar per minister and congregation. It was suggested that our German brethren should not forget to pay equal honor to Ursinus, who was equally conspicuous in the preparation of that valuable symbol of faith, the Heidelberg Catechism, which has no superior, if an equal in Christendom.

The need for suitable home for indigent and aged persons in our communion has been felt for years. With the hope that some noble gifts of charity be bequeathed for so worthy an object, steps have been taken to bring this matter more prominently to the attention of the church by appointing a permanent committee, whose duty it shall be to report from time to time at the annual sessions of Synod on this particular subject. In the meanwhile, any bequests, gifts, or legacies, that should be made towards this object, be placed under the care of the Board of Trustees of Synod, to be invested until it shall have reached an amount sufficient for the securing of suitable grounds and the erection of suitable building thereon, for this special object.

The attention of the pastors and congregations was directed to the fact, that Franklin and Marshall College will celebrate the Centennial of Franklin College—and the Semi-Centennial of Marshall College in 1887. An effort has been made by the Alumni, to endow the professorship of English Literature in Franklin and Marshall College by raising $25,000. Of this amount $10,000 has already been secured, and it is hoped that by thus directing the attention of the friends of culture to this object, they will lend their assistance and contribute of their means to realize the whole amount needed for the complete endowment of the chair of English Literature by the time this centennial jubilee is to take place.

Rev. D. B. Shuey of Lancaster Classis, who has been commissioned as Missionary to Kansas, briefly addressed the Synod. In his address he stated that he expected to enter his field by the first of December.

He solicits the names, the address, and the business of all such of our communion who have gone to Kansas to establish for themselves homes in that growing state. He likewise solicits donations of good books and Sunday school supplies, to meet a want in his contemplated work of organizing Sunday-schools. Any schools that have such supplies on hand, and not in use, are requested to send them to his address, New Providence, Lancaster Co., Pa.

On Thursday evening an able sermon on the subject of Temperance was preached by Rev. A. Carl Whitmer, of Mifflinburg, Pa. The attendance at service was large and the whole subject as presented by an esteemed brother, made a salutary impression on the minds of the audience.

On Friday evening, subjects pertaining to the Sunday-school were discussed. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger of Ursinus College, spoke of the qualifications of the teacher, and how he may teach the most effectively.

Rev. T. J. Barclay, of Sunbury, spoke on Almsgiving in Sunday-school, and Rev. A. C. Whitmer, on the benefit derived in Sunday-schools on Lesson Reviews. Short voluntary addresses were made on these several subjects. The service of the evening was enjoyed, and left a good impression on the minds of the hearers. JNO. P. STEIN, *Stated Clerk.*

MYERSTOWN REFORMED CONGREGATION.

This church is a branch of the Tulpehocken interest, from which it was separated about a quarter of a century ago. The daughter, in size, vigor, and influence, is now equal or nearly so, to the mother. Rev. Dr. George Wolfe has been its pastor during almost its entire history. For the last four or five years he has been devoting his time to it exclusively. This congregation stands forth as a strong argument in favor of the reconstruction movement now going forward in the Lebanon classis. Since the other part of the charge was cut off it has made rapid progress in every direction. The communion was administered to the German portion of the membership on the 1st of October, when the church was filled. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Wm. M. Reily. On the following Lord's day, viz, the 8th inst., the English communion was held. The sermon was preached by Rev. G. B. Russell, D. D., president of Palatinate College. The attendance was very large. The number of communicants was 352. The collection for benevolent purposes was larger than hitherto. The soil in this section of the church is rich. Here in Myerstown it is well worked, and the result is "the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God."

Christian World please copy.

CONSTITUTION.

I. This association shall be known as the Sunday School Association of the Montgomery and Bucks County District, within the bounds of the Philadelphia Classis.

II. Its meetings shall be semi-annual, in the months of March and September, respectively.

III. Its convention shall be held in one of the churches within the district, or in some other suitable place, said church or place to be selected at the time of the convention next preceding the one to be provided for.

IV. The association shall convene on Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock, and remain in session Thursday morning, afternoon and evening.

V. It shall be the duty of the congregation in whose church the Convention is held to provide for the entertainment of the delegates, free of charge, during the time of the meeting.

VI. The *pastor loci* shall be the president of the convention, and shall issue the call for the meeting at least two weeks before the time of meeting.

VII. The President shall select topics for discussion and assign them severally to the *members of the Convention, and shall mail* printed programmes to the different pastors for distribution among the delegates.

VIII. The expense incurred by printing and mailing programmes, as well as all others attendant upon the meeting itself, shall be provided for, as far as possible, by a collection to be held at the time of meeting.

IX. The standing members of the Association shall consist of the ministers with the district, the superintendents of the Sunday-schools within its bounds, and the elders delegated to represent the several charges at the meeting of classis, preceding the holding of the convention.

X. In addition to the standing members, four delegates (two *primarii* and two *secundi*) shall be elected by each Sunday-school, in the district from among its teachers, or other members of the school, at least four weeks before the time of meeting.

XI. Each Sunday-school shall, through its secretary, forward to the pastor, in whose church the convention is to be held, at least three weeks before the holding of each convention, a list of such delegates, particularly mentioning by name those who expect to be present.

XII. In discussing the topics assigned, each principal speaker shall be allowed fifteen minutes, and all others shall be limited to five. These limits may, however, be extended by the consent of the Convention.

XIII. This Constitution may be altered, or amended, at any meeting by a two-thirds vote.

M. H. KIEFFER,
JNO. H. SECHLER,
JONES DETWILER.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The First Reformed church of Philadelphia (formerly Race street, below Fourth) celebrated their harvest home festival on Sunday evening, October 1, in Handel and Haydn Hall, where the services of the church and Sunday school are for the present held. On the pulpit were the words, "God is Love," and surrounding it were the fruits and vegetables contributed for decoration, and at the close of the meeting to be sent to the sick and needy members of the congregation.

A responsive reading selected from the 136th Psalm, harvest exercise by members of the school, solo and chorus by the infant department, together with the harvest sermon by the pastor, Rev. D. Van Horne, D. D., were among the features of the occasion.

The collection was taken for the building fund of Bethany Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, which amounted to $25.56.

The Sunday-school Convention of Tohickon Classis, held at South Easton, on the 26th and 27th ult., was a very interesting one. The subjects, which were practical, were discussed in a very practical way. Revs. D Rothrock, N. Z. Snyder, A. B. Koplin and G. W. Roth of the convention were present. At the Wednesday afternoon and evening sessions, Revs. D. Y. Heisler, D. D, and T. O. Stem, of Easton, were present, and took a lively part in the discussions. The choir of the congregation furnished excellent music. The sessions were well attended on the part of the people.

During the month of September the fall communions were held in the Tinicum, Pa., charge. These services closed the sixth year of the present pastor's labors. They were very appropriate and interesting. The pastor was assisted by Rev. H. K. Binkley and Rev. Wm. Long, of the Presbyterian church, each of whom preached a good sermon, the former at Upper Tinicum, the latter at Lower Tinicum. The attendance was good. The collections for missions amounted to $23.84.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Harvest contributions of the Sulphur Spring charge, of which Rev. G. E. Addams is pastor, for missions this fall, amounted to $105. The numerical strength of the charge is 183.

Rev. J. B. Shontz writes from Shippensburg that he held his fall communion last Sunday, and that a special interest was manifested: that he visited and preached from house to house, after the plan of the Apostles. His preparatory services were largely attended, and so deep was the feeling that nearly the whole audience wept. On Sunday there were added to the church 26 members, all grown people. Five received adult baptism, seventeen were confirmed, two were received from the Lutheran church, one from the Methodist church, one from the United Brethren church, two on renewal, and three from the Reformed church. The collection was liberal.

Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher was installed as pastor of the Sulphur Spring charge, Bedford county, Pa., on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24th. The installation service was held at Mann's Choice. Revs. E. N. Kremer and H. S. Garner were the only members of the committee present, the former delivered an appropriate sermon, and the latter conducted the liturgical services. Bro. Dieffenbacher has been laboring here since the first of last April with encouraging success.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

Missionary services were held in the Reformed church at Irwin, Pa., on the first Sunday in October. Rev. J. M. Schick, missionary at Meyersdale, Pa., assisted the pastor, and preached both morning and evening. The offerings for the cause amounted to $38. It is intended to hold several more meetings of this character during the present synodical year. Nearly all the members of the charge are enrolled and pledged to contribute a certain amount per month for Missions. It is by organization and system that the most may be accomplished.

SYNOD OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Rev. D. Kaemmerer, D. D., of Wooster, O., celebrated his 81st birthday on the 15th of September. This aged father in Israel was ordained to the ministerial office in 1827, and has therefore been in office fifty-five years. On the occasion of his 81st birthday a large number of friends gathered together, and extended a hearty greeting and gifts to Father Kaemmerer and wife. Among the gifts was an easy arm-chair. A table groaning with a multitude of substantials and dainties, was prepared by the ladies, at which sat down to eat not less than 150 persons, the aged couple occupying the seat of honor at the head of the table.

Rev. K. L. Kemm has received a call from the Reformed congregation at Schlesingerville, Washington county, Wis., and accepts to enter upon his work in that field of labor some time during this month.

The First Reformed church in Cleveland, O., celebrated its 34th congregational festival on Sunday, October 24. The Sunday-school held its festival in the afternoon. In the evening Revs. Schade and Zipf preached. The collections amounted to $95. During 34 years the congregation has had but three pastors. The late pastor, Rev. Forwick has accepted a call to Vermillion charge. This will necessitate the calling of the fourth pastor. The congregation at the present time numbers 370 members. The various Reformed congregations in Cleveland, which during the past twenty years went forth from the First, now number 1500 members.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

A missionary festival was held a few Sundays ago in the Reformed church at Titusville, Pa. On the evening of the same Sunday Bro. Nilhoff was installed pastor of the church by a committee of West N. Y. Classis. Rev. J. Voeglin preached the sermon at the installation services, and Rev. J. B. Kniest delivered the charge to pastor and people.

The collection for Missions amounted to $30. This is worthy of special note, inasmuch as this missionary festival was the first of the kind ever celebrated by the congregation. S.

SPECIAL MEETING OF VIRGINIA CLASSIS.

There will be a special meeting of Virginia Classis held at Timberville Va., on Thursday, October 26, 1882, at 4 o'clock, P.M. As there is important business claiming the attention of Classis, a full attendance is requested.

S. L. WHITMORE,
Pres. of Virginia Classis.
Middlebrook, Va., Oct. 11, 1882.

General News.

HOME.

Returns from all but two counties in Ohio indicate a Democratic plurality of 18,918.

Rev. Thomas Guard, Pastor of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, in Baltimore, died on Sunday morning from the effects of a surgical operation performed on Tuesday last.

General Wheaton, commanding in Eastern Oregon, who sent troops to the scene of the laborers' strike on the Northern Pacific Railroad, reports that there is now no need of them, and that no violence has been committed. It is believed the strike is over.

The Washington *Post* publishes a number of affidavits, occupying a large space, to show that "several of the jurymen in the late Star Route trial were corruptly approached by employes of the Department of Justice, and that these employes regularly reported their proceedings from day to day to the Department or some officer thereof."

Sixty-four new cases of yellow fever and three deaths were reported on Sunday in Pensacola, making a total to date of 1607 cases and 140 deaths.——Twenty-four new cases of fever and three deaths were reported in Brownsville during last week, making a total during the epidemic in that place of 1936 cases and 112 deaths.

Colonel Cockrill, editor of the St. Louis *Post-Despatch*, who killed Colonel Slayback on Friday night, has surrendered himself to the authorities. The Coroner's jury has rendered a verdict simply stating that "the deceased came to his death from a gun-shot wound at the hands of John A. Cockrill."

FOREIGN.

Cairo, Oct. 15.—General Wolseley has been ordered home. He leaves here on Thursday, and will embark on Saturday on the Iris, which will proceed to Trieste.

Cairo, Oct. 15.—The indictment of Arabi Pasha and his associate has not been completed. The Prosecution Committee believe that the court martial cannot meet for another week.

The question of counsel to defend the rebel leaders causes the delay in the meeting of the court martial. The Egyptian Government is preparing a note to Sir Edward Malet showing the inconvenience of admitting foreign counsel in the case, and explaining that the Government would prefer to hand back Arabi and his associates to the military authorities for trial.

St. John's, N. F., Oct. 9.—The steamer Herder, of the Hamburg-American line, Captain Tischbein, which left New York for Hamburg, via. Plymouth, on Tuesday last, ran ashore near Cape Race last night, and will probably become a total wreck. The passengers and crew were rescued this morning by the steamer's boats.

CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1883.

Our Church Almanac for 1883 is now ready for distribution. The following is the schedule of prices:

1 copy, postage paid,	$ .10
12 copies,	.65
50 "	2.50
100 "	4.75

To which must be added 12 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

We have endeavored to improve the appearance of the Almanac, and have it contain as usual an amount of matter that must prove interesting and instructive to every Church member. We have also added eight more pages—which gives more space to be filled with valuable reading matter. We have tried to make it truly a year book for the church. For this purpose we hope pastors and members will aid in its circulation, so that it may reach at least every family in the church. Send in your orders at once.

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We have in course of preparation and publication two (2) NEW CHRISTMAS SERVICES. These together with that we have already, will afford pastors and superintendents of Sunday-schools a choice variety from which to make selections. Will have also a supply of Christmas Annuals from different publishers, from which may be selected choice and appropriate carols. Samples sent for 5 cents each. Samples of Christmas Services, 5 in number, sent on receipt of 15 cents.

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It is a cheap and convenient way to gain useful and important information in regard to the Church, not to say, a good way to let others know our history, aim and position as a Church. Encourage this enterprise, and make it a means of doing good. The cost will be amply repaid.

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Sept. 1, 1882.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Rev. Charles G. Fisher,
Superintendent and Treasurer.

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Youth's Department.

THE OLD MILL.

Oh, the merry mill-stream it is sparkling and bright
As it runs down the hill-side in shadow and light;
Now it circles in pools, and now throws a cascade,
And laughs out in high glee at the leap it has made.

With its ripples are mingled on many a day.
The shouts and the laughter of children at play;
And many a picnic is joyously spread
On its banks, where the green branches wave overhead.

But the jolliest place is the old ruined mill,
With the great wooden water-wheel, solemn and still;
Once it whirled round and round with the rush of the stream,
Till a new mill was built to be driven by steam.

Now the children climb over its big wooden spokes,
But the wheel into motion they never can coax;
They may clamber and push, they may tug with a zest,
They can not awake the old giant from rest.

And perhaps, if it only could speak, it would say:
"After all the hard labor I've done in my day,
It is pleasant to know that the children may still
Find their happiest times in the old ruined mill."

—*Harper's Young People.*

MARY'S TRIUMPH.

Four boys and four girls, and eight nice round hoops, some of them new and shining,

"Now for a race and a game," Henry Lewis said, as he seized his; "there is just time before the bell rings. The one that gets to the corner the fourth time ahead has won the game. Come on!"

Away they went, all together, spinning their hoops before them,—Frank Mullan, who had been sick, and could not run, being the one appointed to keep count and see which beat. Away they went, making the hoops fly before them.

Mary Brown was the swiftest runner of them all, unless it was Henry Lewis; the rest were never quite certain which was really the very swiftest—for sometimes Mary beat and sometimes Henry—but they certainly went ahead of all the others. A shout went up from two or three of the party as the third run was made.

"Jolly!" said Fred Wilson, "that little Miller is going to beat, I believe. Who knew she could run so? She has got there right along with Mary every time; Henry's a little behind this time, but I believe those girls are both going to beat."

Mary heard it, and she didn't like it; the little Miller girl was a year younger than she, and a shy little girl. She didn't want to be beaten by her; that would be worse than to have Henry win the game. She didn't even want to be equal with her. It might soon be settled. She ran with all her might; her hoop fairly skimmed over the ground, while she kept glancing all the time on the little patched shoes that clipped right along by her side.

A loud shout, a clapping of hands, and cries of "Hurrah for Mary!" told that the race was won.

"She was a trifle ahead," Frank said, "just a trifle—it wasn't more than half a pace—but that makes it a beat."

The little Miller girl looked up with a quick, eager glance; she knew that her own little patched shoe had touched the goal before Mary's did. Didn't Mary know it? If Rose Miller had been any other girl among them, she would have shouted it loudly, and insisted on having her rights; but dear me, Rose wasn't sure that she had any rights in this world. Didn't she wear faded calico dresses, and a sun-bonnet and patched shoes?

The racers walked back very slowly, wiping their faces, and saying it was fun, but it made them very warm; only Mary kept still. Yes, she knew all about it; she was certain that Rose Miller's foot had reached the corner before hers did—just a second before, or hardly a second; so short a time that Frank, who was watching, did not see it at all; but she did.

"I can't help it," she said; "I am not to decide the game. It was Frank's business, and not mine. If I had been ahead, and he had decided that I wasn't, I wouldn't have said a word. What difference does it make, anyway? It is real babyish to care so much about a race."

There's no use, Mary; your heart doesn't feel pleasant about it, and you can't talk it into beating quietly, as if it made no difference. If it is such a little matter, you know that it troubles you. She kept on thinking about it after they had reached the school-room, and stood waiting for the bell.

"No use to begin anything new," said Henry; "there wouldn't be time before the bell."

Helen Rowell came up gaily with a tuft of Spring blossoms from the woods.

"There is just time to crown the victor," she said, laughing; "bend your head, Queen Mary, and I'll put these blossoms in your hair, in honor of your beating us once more; we are getting used to it, so we don't mind it at all."

Mary drew back her head quickly, and looked around for Rose's hair, and said: "She won the race; her foot touched the corner just half a second before mine did."

"Oh! oh!" chorused all the voices but Rose's.

"Are you sure? Why, Frank Mullan, couldn't you see?"

"I did see; Mary got there first,—I saw her."

"No, you didn't," said Mary, shaking back her brown hair. She could laugh now; she felt very happy. "If your eyes had been sharp, you would have seen that her foot got there ahead of mine. I saw it anyhow, and I was the nearest to her. I am not going to be crowned for what I didn't earn. Come here, Rose, Rose Miller; I'll fix the flowers in your hair."

It was such a little bit of a thing, but you don't know how happy it made Rose Miller. She felt more as if she was one of them than she ever had before.

"I wonder you didn't let it go," Henry Lewis said, walking home with Mary after school, still talking about the race; "you came so near to winning, and the umpire thought you did; what did it matter, anyhow? I'd have let it go."

"I almost did," Mary said; "then I thought it was surely big enough to make a speck on the snow."

"What are you talking about—snow in July?"

Mary laughed. "It is my verse," she said. "'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' The snow gets all specked, you know, and I make believe that the specks are little sins. I don't want specks all over the snow."

"Humph!" said Henry. It was a new idea to him; and after he had opened the gate for Mary, and handed her the books he had been carrying for her, he went home thinking about it.

But Mary had her triumph, although she did not win the race; she had conquered herself.—*Pres. Banner.*

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

The head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keeness in in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day, when a young Irish lad came up, took off his hat, and, smiling, said: "Don't you want a boy, sir?"

"I did not a minute ago. But I do now, and you are the boy," said Mr. J.

He said afterwards that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

Thirty years ago, Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York state, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not the season for sales; but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of the farm-house, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Mr. H. at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dun no, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jem, jumped up, and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jem," said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterwards, these two boys were left by their father's failure with but $200 and $300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, and is still a poor, discontented man. Jem bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the state.

"I might have done like Jem," his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it; there is not enough yeast in it." The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character, is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents, and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open, and to act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*American Rural Home.*

WORK FAITHFULLY.

A beautiful little flower, called in Scotland the "mouse-ear," because of its shape, grew in a lonely place by the wayside. It was not very often that any persons passed that way; but whenever they did they would see it blooming away, throwing out its cheer and gladness for whoever might take them up. It seemed almost, however, as if its beauties were being wasted on the desert air. But after awhile a gentleman saw it, and he took it up, and planted it in his garden, and nurtured it, and it became one of the most beautiful flowers in all his garden. So, dear young friend, even though your life seems hidden away so much that no one knows what you are doing, work on faithfully. Some one is being made happier by your bright, useful life. And if you are not advanced to any high place here on earth there is One who knows your every faithful word and deed; and after awhile He will send down for you, He will transplant you to His heavenly garden, and there you will bloom forever and pour sweetness on the celestial air.

A ROSE THAT WILL GROW FOREVER.

Roger Daland was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross. His picture-books fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bed-clothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him a true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men, women, and dear little children."

Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time; then he said, "I wish I could send my rose-bush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," said his mother, "and I will write a note for you."

Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Daland sends this rose to some sick child."

Then it was sent away in a nice basket. Three days after, the postman brought Roger a note; it said:

"DEAR LITTLE BOY,—I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and my mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she says she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. She used to cry too when I was all alone.

"'The rose will grow forever,' she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother say 'if it does die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep on growing.' I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

"MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent Mary some of his toys. He is well now; but he never forgets the Mission for the Sick.—*Our Little Ones.*

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay (Hartlepool) it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height the Rising Sun, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sank, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The life-boats were away rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to the swaying masts was the rocket-apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket bearing the life-line went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket-men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time became conscious.

With amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fishermen near him and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art safe, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stod overwhelmed for a few moments; then he raised both his hands and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!" and then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulnes in listening to a mother's prayers.

ABOUT CORAL.

Little Alice came home from school one day with a wonderful lesson. It sounded like a fairy story. "Insects which live under water," she told us, "when they get to a rock they somehow stick there, and turn into a rock themselves."

She meant the coral-workers, which, after all, are not insects, but jelly-like animals called polyps. The beautiful coral is their skeletons, their bones, and not their work at all. They are so much like flowers that for many years everybody thonght they were plants. They are often star-shaped, like the wind-flower, or like asters and mushrooms, and they look like the mosses. Other kinds grow into groves and forests in the sea, like blossoming branches,—branches of salmon-color, rose-pink, and dark red. So it was no great wonder that people were mistaken.—*Our Little Ones.*

MAMMA'S DARLING.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Sunny head alight with curls,
Rose-bud mouth with rows of pearls,
Eyes that rival violets' hue,
Clear and bright as heaven's blue,—
That's Mamma's darling.

Rounded chin where dimples hide,
Cheeks that shame the roses' pride,
Little face all bright with smiles,
Laughter that all hearts beguiles,—
That's Mamma's darling.

Little feet that all the day,
Patter here and there in play,
Silver voice that all day long,
Ripples out in bursts of song,—
That's Mamma's darling.

Little hands that never quiet,
Curls where sunbeams run wild riot,
Little tongue in motion ever,
Chattering on, and tiring never,—
That's Mamma's darling.

Little soul to lead to God,
Feet to guide in duty's road,
Little heart to love His will,
Little duties to fulfil,—
That's Mamma's darling.

May her life be sunshine ever,
Shadowed o'er by sorrow never,
May she rest in Jesus' love,
Till she sings His praise above,—
Bless Mamma's darling.

—*Churchman.*

THE BOBOLINK.

That gentle writer, Washington Irving, styled the bobolink the happiest bird of our Spring time. It is the rice-bird of the South, the reed-bird of the Middle States, and the bobolink of the North, the same bird being known by different names in different latitudes, and like some queer people, he makes a better impression in one situation than in another. He seems to appear at his best in New England and in other States in that latitude. There his joyous note is heard in the months of May and June; and during the time of nesting the male bird is a handsome fellow in a gay coat of black and white, with a pretty ring across his neck. The female is a modest brown bird that minds her nest in the grass, and sits patiently on her eggs, while the gay companion alights on a tree and cheers her with his merry note. The Summer heat puts him to silence, though he will still chant a morning lay. He is one of the sweetest of songsters; his trill is so jubilant, his silvery strain so copious, now rising, now falling, now swelling with a compass of melody that surprises and enchants the listener. He is cuning, too, in knowing when to cease, ere one tires of his warble. Later in the season the male bird's coat becomes brown, nearly the same hue as that of the female. They then move south in great flocks and tarry in the vicinity of the Delaware, and here the hunter who shoots them and takes them to market calls them reed-birds, the poor things having here no reputation as singers. After some weeks they proceed farther south to the rice fields, where they are known as rice-birds, and they are gormandizers, and are regarded as a scourge, and become fat as butter, so that when shot they sometimes burst as they fall to the ground.

Here in Washington we receive two visits each year from these protean birds. Just now they are here in flocks, but the hunters complain that they are not fat, hence not saleable as in the Spring, when they come from the rice-fields on their northern tour. Their young must experience a certain bird-delight in viewing new scenes and in tasting new varieties of food as they flit along from bay to river and mountain. Will any of my little friends tell me if they know of another bird that so changes in color, and that is known by several different names, and that is so loved in one locality and so hated in another, as this charming songster. Sad for the poor birdies is it that here they are unable to render themselves agreeable. Their price is quoted in the market like that of any common fowl.—*Evangelist.*

Pleasantries.

A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister that he was a six-button kid.

"Does poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply; "even the little chickens shell out."

A reason given why a piano was not saved at a fire was because none of the firemen could play on it.

"What!" only five policemen for a town like this? exclaimed a traveller. "Oh," replied the native, calmly, "they have no difficulty in keeping what little peace we have."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug?" "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by the feeling of his pulse."

There is said to be a man in Newark, N. J., so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew farthest from the pulpit to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plate for contributions.

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers "I tid not co in te pote," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

An Austin father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said, "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us."

Fogg has a neat way now and then of turning a compliment. Seeing the elderly Miss Pangley in the street the other day, he tried to avoid her, but did not succeed. When they met, said Miss Pangley, "Oh, you naughty man! You wanted to cut me." Replied Fogg, blandly, "I should be cutting a pretty figure, shouldn't I?" Miss Pangley tells her friend Miss Sagegreen that Mr. Fogg is a perfect gentleman.

It is related of a Maryland deacon, whose peaches are first in the New York market, that, having company at his farm-house one evening, a terrific thunder storm came on and shook things up worse than an explosion in a crockery store. Everybody was thoroughly frightened, and directly after a blinding flash one of the visitors anxiously asked: "Friends, don't you think we had better kneel and ask for protection?" "No, Brother Jones: no," protested the deacon. "I have just had a lightning-rod put on the house at an expense of $36, and I propose we hold off and give her a fair show to do business."

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The 400th anniversary of Martin Luther's birthday will occur on the 10th of November, 1883. A Lutheran synod in this country has already begun to prepare for a suitable celebration of the day.

The Springfield, Mass., *Republican* states that a Baptist pastor in New Britain, Conn., while preaching on a recent Sunday in his own pulpit, had among his attentive hearers some in the former city forty miles distant from the church. The telephone carried the words faithfully, apparently doing justice to the excellent elocution and articulation of the preacher. The sermon was a forcible, earnest plea for righteous living.

Arthur Ritchie, rector of the Church of the Ascension at Chicago, an extreme ritualist, and known in the city as Father Ritchie, announced recently that the Bishop would officiate at the High Mass to celebrate the feast of St. Michael. The Bishop published a card stating that no such office was recognised by the Episcopal Church. It is thought that a separation of the church from the Episcopal Church will follow.

These organizations, says the *Churchman*, are a failure. They were originally instituted to unite laymen in active personal Church work, but were so unsuccessful that in "ten years there was not a trace of them left in the Church." It adds that they perished of much talking—they "degenerated into debating societies," and so passed into dissolution. "Guilds" are suggested as the successors to the definite brotherhoods, with "wardens" to command, and members whose only business is obedience.

The various ministerial associations of New York are again organizing for the year's work. The Pastors' Association of the Reformed (Dutch) Church met at the room of the Synod, Sept. 25, and discussed the revised liturgy. The Methodist ministers, at their meeting in the rooms of the Book Concern, talked for and against the terms of the itinerancy system. Before the Baptist ministers the Rev. J. A. Manning, of Keyport, N. J., read an essay on "The Defects in Christian Life," which called forth the highest approval. The Universalist ministers made arrangements for the laying of the corner-stone of the new church on Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, and also devised a plan of work for their meetings this winter.

Abroad.

There were only seven ecclesiastical suits in the Church of England last year, against thirteen in the previous year.

The first organ ever used in the Irish Presbyterian Church has been ordered for Belfast, Ireland, but the anti-organists have taken the matter into Court and secured an injunction against the instrument.

It is estimated that the number of schools at present connected with the various foreign missions exceeds 12,000. The Bible has been translated into 236 languages and dialects, while its circulation during the past eighty years has reached an aggregate of 148,000,000 copies.

Dr. Blaikie suggests in the *Catholic Presbyterian* that at the next Presbyterian Council, to be held in Belfast, the subject of appointing an executive officer to conduct the affairs of the Council, in the intervals of its meeting, must be considered. Such an officer is essential to the efficiency of the Council.

The Catholic Bishop of Breslau is precipitating another conflict with the state, by instructing the clergy of his diocese to refuse to recognise the validity of mixed marriages, in which a Protestant clergyman should officiate, either jointly with a priest or alone. This is contrary to the custom of sixty years and the Prussian Government proposes energetic steps.

A recent traveller in the Bible lands says:—"Of all 'the seven churches of Asia,' Smyrna alone is living still. It was with considerable interest I worshipped at the English church, and saw written over the communion table the message, 'To the angel of the church in Smyrna, closing with the thrilling promise, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

The proposal to build a cathedral for the Archdiocese of Westminster, adjoining Cardinal Manning's residence in the Vauxhall road, at a cost of £100,000, but which was temporarily abandoned five years ago, at the request of his Eminence, has been again revived, and subscriptions are now solicited towards carrying out the project. The plans of the Cathedral, which is to be in the early Gothic style, are already prepared.

Bigoted and sensitive Churchmen have been greatly exercised over the doings of Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, during his stay in Scotland. The cause of the commotion is that he not only preferred to attend the Presbyterian church at Pitlochie rather than the Episcopalian, but preached in the Presbyterian Kirk of Blair-Athol. The incumbent of Pitlochie lays his complaint in the Ritualistic organs, and no doubt will receive the deepest sympathy.

WANAMAKER'S.

Probably the most distinguished collection of Parisian novelties in dress-goods that has come to Philadelphia this year, or any other year, we open to-day. It comes from our buyer resident in Paris. He is on the spot where these fantastic creations come to light; knows the drift of the season's fashion before the makers begin to make; traces its later developments; and, when the time for buying comes, if anybody can judge which to buy and which to avoid, *he* ought to be able to judge.

But it is a difficult and delicate task to judge of such goods. He must first be inspired with a certain zest derived from the sources of style. His judgment has to be warped by a first regard to the peculiarities of the fashion before the fashion is fully set. In a manner he helps to set the fashion. His taste must be adjusted upon the fashionable limits. He must use correct taste, and yet keep within those limits. His taste must be catholic; for he buys the goods of many. Rather he must have a certain discernment of what the most fashionable ladies of diverse tastes would choose for their garniture with all before them. In fact, his task is to choose, out of the allowable, the most available—the ones which shall cause the very discriminating ladies of Philadelphia to say, as they said last year, "Wanamaker has the best dress-goods."

We shall not take to ourselves too much credit, if we have the best. We seem to have a very easy task; only to get the goods. They sell themselves. Where else in any city, are so many thousands of buyers daily, from the beginning to the end of the buying time?

All the dresses and wraps bought by Mr. Graham abroad have now come; and a great many of our own are ready. We are entirely ready for trade in every grade. We shall make no Opening.

Mr. Graham brought over also a great number of single dress-patterns of the most luxurious character, which are ready to be seen and made. They belong to a class of stuffs that we have never dealt in before; indeed that nobody can sell without at the same time affording facilities for the most fashionable and distinguished dressmaking.

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We can't avoid buying in New York more or less; but when we announce laces from abroad, we should like it to be understood that the prices are lower than can be put on laces bought at home. The same, of course, is true of many other goods besides laces.

Our policy is to "support" nobody and nothing. We buy where we can buy to best advantage. [Somebody will be writing us anonymous letters, now, because we don't buy European goods of American merchants. As if we ought to hunt around and see how many people we could pay profits to! The other day somebody objected to our speaking of "the larger city!"]

No! What we want is the best of everything at bottom prices. We want it for you, everybody, grumblers included.

It was Laces; wasn't it?

Second circle, southwest from centre.

Smoking jackets already.

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Camp-stools, 35 cents for a good one. You'd give a dollar for a poor one, Bi-centennial Day. Be rational now. Buy, when you can.

Basement, J 19.

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Basement, K 10.

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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, October 16.

COTTON was in light demand and steady, with small sales to spinners on a basis of 11¾c. for middling uplands; 11¾c. for low middlings, and 10¾c. for good ordinary.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at $3@3.25; winter extras at $3.50 @4; Pennsylvania family at $4 87@5; Ohio and Indiana do. at $5@5.75 chiefly at $5.25@5.50; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at $5.25@5.75; winter patents at $6.25@7; Minnesota bakers' clear, $5.75@6.25; do. straight at $6.50@6.75, and do. patents at $7@7.75, chiefly at $7 25@7 50. Rye Flour was firm at $4.37 for choice Pennsylvania. Buckwheat Flour was in fair demand and firm, with sales of 10 tons at $3.80@4 per cwt., as to quality.

WHEAT.—On call, $1.09½ was bid and $1.10 asked for October, and car lots spot No. 2 red, in elevator, were quoted at $1.09½, but after Board there were sellers of spot and October at $109½, with $1.09 the best bid; November opened at $1.10¼ bid and $1.10½ asked, but after Boards was offered at $1.10¼ with $1.10 bid; sales of 5000 bushels December at $1.11⅜, and 5000 bushels do. at $1.11⅜, closing at that asked, with $1 11⅜ bid; 5000 bushels January at $1.12½, which was bid, with $1.12⅝ asked at the close.

CORN.—Sales of 4000 bushels sail mixed in cars at Richmond and Washington streets at 82c.; 1 car do. at 81½c.; 10,000 bushels spot in elevator for local use in lots at 80c., with 79½c. bid and 80c. asked for October; 10,000 bushels November early at 76@76¼c.; 35,000 bushels do. later at 75½c., the closing rate; 25,000 bushels December early at 65½c.; 5000 bushels do. later at 65½c., and 10 bushels do. at noon call at 66c., with 65½c. the best bid after Board, and 10,000 bushels January at 61½c., the closing price.

OATS.—Sales of a few cars to the local trade on a basis of 38@40c. for rejected; 40c. for No. 2 mixed; 43½c. for 3 white; 46c. for 2 white, and 5000 bushels do. December at 46½c., with that bid and 47c. asked at the close. October, 45c. bid and 46c. asked; November, 46c. bid and 46¼c. asked, and January, 47c. bid and 47⅝c. asked. After 'Change November was offered at 45⅝c., with 45½c. bid.

RYE was scarce, and if here could have been sold readily at 70c.

SUGARS.—Raw were dull and weak at 7⅜@7½c. for fair to good refining muscovadoes. Refined were dull and favored buyers. Quotations were 9¼c. for cut loaf; 9⅜c. for crushed; 9⅛c. for powdered; 9⅛@ 9¼c. for granulated; 9¼c. for mold A, and 9⅛c. for standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $25@25.50; salt shoulders, 11@11½c.; do. smoked, 12@12½c.; pickled shoulders, 10½@10¾; smoked, do. 12¼c.; pickled bellies, 15@15½c.; smoked do., 16½@17c.; loose butchers' Lard, 12½c.; prime steam do. $13.37 13.50; city kettle do. $12.75@14; Beef Hams, $18@ 19.50, as to brand; smoked Beef, 16@18c.; sweet-pickled Hams, 14½@14⅝c., as to average; smoked do., 16@17c.; extra India Mess Beef, $31, f. o.b.; city family do. $18@18 50; packet, $16@16.50, f. o. b. City Tallow firm at 8⅜c. in hogsheads. Oleo Stearine, 10½@11c.; Lard do., 13½c.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras $3@34c.; Western do. do., 33@34c.; good to prime, 27@30c.; ice house, do., 27@28c.; do. imitation, 20@25c.; Bradford fresh, 30@31c.; selections, 32c.; do. firsts, 27@29c.; New York State tubs, fresh extras 28@30c.; do. firsts, 25@27c.; Western extras fresh, 27c.; do. good to prime, 20@25c.; factory, 17@ 20c.; common shipping grades, 11@13c.; medium, do., 13@15c.; scrapings and grease, 4@6c.; prints, choice to fancy, 36@37c.; do. firsts, 32@35c.; do. seconds, 25@28c.

Add 1@2c. to these quotations for jobbing sales.

LIVE POULTRY was in fair supply, with a moderate inquiry at 11@13c. for Ducks; 12@14c. for spring, and 12@13c. for old chickens, as to quality.

EGGS were fairly active and firm under moderate receipts and stocks, with sales of Western in round lots at 27c. and in a small way at 28c., and Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware at 29c.

CHEESE.—We quote York State full cream at 12½ @13c.; Ohio flat fine at 11½@12½c.; Pennsylvania part skims at 8@8½c., and skims at 4@9c. for good.

PETROLEUM.—Shippers were not buying and the market closed nominally unchanged at 7¾c. for refined in barrels, and 10¾c. for do. in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote choice Timothy Hay at $18; No. 1 do. at $17, down to $10@12 for inferior. Rye Straw at $12@12.50.

SEEDS.—Clover was quiet at 7½@8¾c. for common to choice. Flax was wanted at $1.33@1.35 per bushel for pure. Timothy was firm, with rather more inquiry at $1.75@2 for good to choice.

FEED.—Sales of 7 cars prime winter bran on track at $17@17.50, as to quality and location—the outside rate hard to reach except for very choice in desirable position. Sales also of 1 car white middlings at $20.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beeves, 4,500; sheep, 15,000; hogs, 3,500. Previous week: Beeves, 4,460; sheep, 15,000; hogs, 3,800.

BEEF CATTLE were moderately active at a decline of ¼c. per lb. Quotations: Extra, 6¾@7c.; good, 5¾ @6c.; medium, 4¾@5¼c.; common, 4@4¼c.; fat cows, 3@4½c.

MILCH Cows were active at $35@70, with sales of extra graded as high as $100.

SHEEP.—The market during the past week has been rather inactive, and the large receipts and unfavorable weather have had the effect of marking down rates from ¼c. to ⅜c. per lb., the inside rates on extras. Lambs were also dull and lower, while calves were readily taken at an advance. Quotations: Extra, 5½ @5¾c.; good, 4¾@5¼c.; medium, 4¼@4¾c.; fair, 3½ @4c.; common, 3@3½c.; Chester county lambs, 5½@ 7½c.; Western lambs, 4@6½c.; calves veal, 8@9½c.; York State calves, 4@4½c.

DRESSED BEEVES were active and closed at 7¼@ 9½c., the former rate for low Texans and cows. Sales last week: Thomas Bradley, 190 head, 7¼@9¾c.; C. S. Dengler, 117 head, 7¾@9½c.; A. A. Boswell, 144 head, 7½@9c.; W. H. Brown, 135 head, 7@9½c.; J. F. Lowden, 52 head, 8@9½c.; Harlan & Bro., 85 head, 7¼@9¾c. DRESSED SHEEP were active. Samuel Stewart sold 812 at 7½@9c., and 93 head dressed lambs at 9@11c.

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J. Y. PARCE, DeLand, Volusia Co., Florida, or H. A. DeLAND, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

THE FLORIDA AGRICULTURIST

a large eight-page weekly, is published here, and it is a valuable paper for those desiring information about Florida. We have **Bell Telephone line** in successful operation between our village and our landing on the St. John's river, and a railroad from our landing via. DeLand to the Atlantic coast is chartered with a land grant of 8,840 acres per mile. **The Palatka and Indian River Railroad, which is now being built, will pass through DeLand, and will be completed, at least as far as DeLand, by the coming winter.** Our hotels and boarding houses afford good fare at reasonable prices. Passengers will find a conveyance at DeLand landing on the arrival of the up mail boat daily, Sundays excepted, and a carriage will be sent upon order, by telephone, at other times. For the information of invalids we will add, that several good physicians are settled in our midst, cultivating oranges as a business, but affording excellent medical advice when required. They report the following

REMARKABLE HEALTH RECORD

"During the years 1878, 1879 and 1880, within a circuit of six miles diameter, DeLand being the center, with a population averaging over 350, many of whom came here invalids, **there have been but four deaths.** Two were infants under six months, and two were men who came here sick." 1881 and 1882 have been so far equally healthful. Population now in and near DeLand city, that trade there, 800 to 1200.

A CHAIN OF LAKES

northwest of us affords protection from frost so perfectly that the extreme cold of December 29, 1880, did not injure our orange trees or fruit.